

The SIGN

DECEMBER 1958—25¢

National Catholic Magazine



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The Sign Magazine

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Letters

RIGHT-TO-WORK LAWS

I have read with dismay your editor's page in the November issue of THE SIGN in which you attack the "Right-to-Work Laws." It's time to realize that the unions have grown up and do not have to be coddled any longer and they too have moral responsibilities. The McClellan Committee has exposed the corruption existing in many big unions, and at the local level many of the union leaders operate as little Caesars. What recourse does a union man have if he doesn't approve of the union policy unless it is to quit the union and know that his job is secure. His Bill of Rights is the Right-to-Work law. If union heads know they have to please the membership, democracy will return to the unions instead of the club and loss of employment the union man now faces if he protests. When the worker's choice is denied, freedom is destroyed as well.

I consider your reference to Right-to-Work Laws as a "hoax" as being uninformed; however, your reference to "the dupes who have been taken in" cannot be cast off as lightly, and I suggest you are many intelligent and informed Catholics who do not agree with you, an apology...

JOSEPH W. HICKEY

WICHITA, KANSAS

After reading your editorial on the "Right-to-Work Laws," I am convinced that you are either losing your vigor, or you do not believe in the efficacy of your own arguments. In fact, they are as logical as the statement, "Doctors recommend Zebra. They're tested."

Regarding the statement: "Of the priests who have a special competence in this field, all but a couple condemn these laws." Could it be that all but a couple are *Latin Priests*, i.e., men who have earned literary recognition on account of their leaning toward Socialism.

If a man were to go about the business world, telling the truth about the Israel situation, it definitely would interfere with

THE COVER. The painting on the cover was done for THE SIGN by Douglass Crockwell. Mr. Crockwell was born in Columbus, Ohio, in 1904. He studied at the St. Louis School of Fine Arts and at the American Academy of Art in Chicago. He was the winner of two European traveling fellowships while in school and has been the recipient of several medals from the Art Directors Club of New York for meritorious illustrations. He has done cover design and illustrative painting for most magazines and many advertisements. He is now painting a series of religious calendars for Brown and Bigelow Company. In this painting for THE SIGN, he has shown "the classic theme of the Nativity in a free, modern technique, without sacrifice of the spiritual values."

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Grandma, did God give you new ears?



Lightweight Beltone Hearing Glasses are a miracle-like blessing ... provide hearing with BOTH ears—not just one

Countless thousands who used to suffer from hearing loss now feel almost as if God has "given them new ears." Thanks to new perfected Beltone Hearing Glasses, they now hear clearly again at natural ear-level, with BOTH ears, even if loss is severe.

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his serenity and accomplish nothing. *Mutato nomine, de eo, fabula narratur.* Like Horace wrote, change the names and the same situation applies.

DENNIS J. MORRISON

CHICAGO, ILL.

The main reason I am not interested in renewing my subscription is that I do not agree with many of the views expressed in your magazine, especially in regard to the Right-to-Work Laws. I respect your right to express these views; however, I see no reason to support them.

JACK N. SHAW

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

LA FONTAINE

CANADA

As a Canadian for some time, the relative of your article encouraging Catholic making a better understanding and America our two countries.

The recent respondent especially a few issues) recorded that he writes a clue to the is to be read half of North Winnipeg, curate desacriater of a province.

Congratulation in relations!

B. FRIBOURG, S.

As treasurer here at the for your subscription I know, of the American audience approach in touch with life and his magazine is.

We are in a milieu and which we are in a living room.

Often after waiting until a many of the The Sign, takes some unless you

GRAND SEMI-MONTEREAL,

THE SIGN

Although THE SIGN

T. W. ROHMAN, YNS, USN
NEW YORK, N.Y.

Re Katherine Burton's September "Woman to Woman:" hooray, hooray, hooray! And bless Donald McDonald: may his tribe increase, especially if they articulate in like manner, or at least enough so that brilliant columnists like Miss Burton can quote them.

Your book review section is admirable with slight reservations, and I have really enjoyed the four or so copies of *The Sign* thus far received.

COLLEEN DICKINSON

BEMIDJI, MINN.

Miss Burton expresses the wish that a congregation would pray together at Mass. In our parish this is done. Our priest asks

that everyone have a missal and everyone answer the response along with the altar boys. Prayers after Mass are answered *recto tono* as much as possible and all together. At High Masses the whole congregation sings the Mass and only Gregorian Chant is allowed. When one gets used to all this, it becomes an integral part of Mass. Then when one goes to Mass some place else, one cannot help feeling sorry for the congregation which has not yet learned the joy of real participation with the priest at Mass. I don't think that Mass is the place to say the Rosary.

MRS. ALFRED MULLIE
LAFFONTAINE, ONT., CANADA

CANADA

As a Canadian reader of *THE SIGN* I have for some years now entirely enjoyed both the relative frequency and the high quality of your articles on Canada. It is indeed encouraging to see an important American Catholic monthly devote this coverage to Canada and Canadians. *THE SIGN* is thereby making a noteworthy contribution toward better understanding between Canadians and Americans and better relations between our two countries.

The recent articles by your Ottawa correspondent, Mr. Anthony J. Wright, were especially appreciated (September and October issues). I feel Mr. Wright has accurately recorded the pulse of modern Canada when he writes: "What Canadians want, if this is due to the answer (What is a Canadian?) is to be recognized as a distinct and vital half of North America." As a native of Winnipeg, Manitoba, I also enjoyed his accurate description of the multilingual character of our "Main Street" and of our province.

Congratulations to *THE SIGN* for this leadership in the area of Canadian-American relations!

BROTHER RICHARD HICKERSON, S.M.
FRIBOURG, SWITZERLAND

As treasurer of the Social Science Club here at the Seminary I would like to thank you for your generosity in sending us free subscriptions to your magazine.

I know, from personal experience, that all of the Americans and English-speaking students appreciate it since it helps us to keep in touch with various phases of American life and happenings, especially since your magazine is so balanced and well rounded. We are in a predominantly French-Canadian milieu and the few American magazines which we are allowed to have in our reading room are almost literally devoured. Often after an issue arrives, I have had to wait until almost the next month before being able to get my hands on it! There are many of the French seminarians who read *THE SIGN*, so among a circulation of 300 it takes some time before you can get at it, unless you are among the lucky first.

GERALD R. RAGIS, ECCL.
GRAND SEMINAIRE DE SAINT-SULPICE,
MONTREAL, CANADA

THE SIGN POST

Although I have been a subscriber to *THE SIGN* for a number of years, I have not

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written a letter to the Editor. Perhaps, because I was not angry enough. Satisfied customers seldom write letters.

However, I thought this would be a good time (at renewal of subscription) to tell you that on the whole I am quite happy with THE SIGN. Of course, it isn't perfect. No human product ever is. . . .

I especially enjoy "The Sign Post." Father McDonough does a very good job with a very difficult assignment.

W. E. DUNN

NEEDHAM, MASS.

SPIRITUAL THOUGHT

"The Failure and the Saint" (October) in my humble opinion, expresses just about everything the good Sisters in all Catholic schools try to teach their charges.

THE SIGN and Father McDonnell are simply magnificent!

MRS. JUNE MURAWSKI
NORTH BERGEN, N. J.

PUZZLING PROBLEM?

Regarding "Puzzling Problem for Social Thinkers" (October): I think you will find part of the answer if you look at corporations, pension funds, and insurance companies in a different light.

The "Big" corporations are owned, mostly in small amounts, by 40,000,000 stockholders, more women than men. . . .

Then pension funds are owned by the many contributors. The insurance companies by the millions of policyholders.

Who then is small and who is big? The wealth of this country is much more widely distributed today than only twenty years ago. . . .

JOSEPH GARIBOLDI

JOLIET, ILL.

EDITH STEIN

"This is the Truth," by Hilda Grad (August) tells a wonderfully interesting story of Edith Stein. . . . She lived a wonderfully helpful life.

It took courage to live the way she did. In reading of her . . . it cannot but give one a thrill.

And, to sort of pinpoint, even in life's greatest troubles . . . the nearness of God. You do put out a mighty fine magazine!

HENRY FRANCIS KANE

WILLMAR, MINN.

HUNGARY

Your excellent coverage of the Hungarian Revolt in the past, and especially on the occasion of the second anniversary of this historic uprising, is most gratifying.

The article "Hungary: Two Years After" (October), describing the amazing courage and resistance of the Hungarians and expressing hope that the Magyars may, through passive resistance, finally succeed in winning freedom, was most timely and inspiring. It is heartening to see that not everyone has forgotten the brave struggle of the Hungarian people nor lost sight of its implications for the entire satellite world.

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RIDGEWOOD

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PHILA. PA.

"MATTIE"
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BURLINGTON

Feeling as I do that the United States failed to do all in its power to support Hungarian patriots in the U. N., I thoroughly agree with your fine editorial.

Your forthright and outspoken editorial policy on most issues is much appreciated, as are the many other enjoyable features of your magazine.

ANNE LONGSTREET

RIDGEWOOD, N. J.

READERS TO READERS

Mr. & Mrs. W. J. Kelly. There is no need for THE SIGN to cite "union evils" because almost all publications are only too eager to do so, even exaggerating. Mrs. F. J. Heinz. Very few union leaders live like Beck; our own International President J. P. Burke not only lives simply but has refused raises voted for him at our conventions. The Representatives and business agents I know are home less than doctors are, traveling, working, and planning—and fighting when need be—for union members.

J. CHALLY

MORRIS, ILL.

Re: Mr. Andre H. Drouin's brickbat in the letters column for October.

So Mr. Drouin is irritated! For shame that he is irritated! If he really believes the "liberal" editorial policy of THE SIGN (and other outstanding Catholic publications like *America* and *Commonweal*) is "destroying everything this country stands for," he should not be irritated, he should jump up on the nearest street corner and holler "POLICE!"

BOB MASS

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

"ULCERS OR NO!"

It seems as though your editor and I are at loggerheads with each other at least a good percent of the time. Therefore, debating upon the possibility of ulcers, I did not want to send in the dues until I had an opportunity to let off some steam.

Your "Congrats to T.W.A." makes me wonder if it wasn't shoved down their throats by the NAACP. Has anyone the right or privilege to force something upon another against his will? It appears to me that the above organization is nothing more than a rabble-rousing bunch of hooligans. I personally like the average Negro—however, I do not have to live next door to them if I so choose.

I understand your editorials are written to awaken people and let them know what is going on, and get the average person off his pedestal of complacency.

Therefore after weighing the two factors I again most humbly apologize and look forward to two years of your splendid magazine. Ulcers or no!

MR. ELMER T. KUBER

PHILA. PA.

"MATTIE"

I thought the story "Mattie" by Catherine Sheridan very appealing.

THEODORA AGNES PECK
BURLINGTON, VERMONT.

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HOLY GOD, WE PRAISE THY NAME
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God With Us

HERE has always been something childlike in man's search for God. He has always sought to see Him. He has even made images of God according to his own ideas and fallen down in adoration before them.

God has accommodated Himself to man's desires. Before the fall, He walked in paradise in the afternoon air as if He were a man. He spoke familiarly to the Patriarchs and to Moses. He often assumed a form that was visible to men.

All this is quite understandable. We are endowed with intelligence and can arrive, by reason, at certain conclusions concerning God. But we are also creatures with senses. Like children, we are more impressed by what we hear and see and touch than we are by rational conclusions.

God who created us knows all this. He knows us for the children that we really are and He accommodates Himself to us. The most striking example of this condescension on His part is the Birth of Jesus Christ at Bethlehem. God, the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity, comes down on earth as one of us, a human being, our brother. And He comes, not in the full strength and flower of manhood, but as a little Babe, born of a Virgin mother.

The circumstances of the Birth of Christ increase the appeal of this event. The texts of the Gospels read almost like a story from a child's fairy-tale book.

At the command of the great Emperor in far-away Rome, Mary and Joseph leave Nazareth to be enrolled at Bethlehem, their ancestral home. After a long journey through the Jordan Valley and the hill country of Judea, they arrive in Bethlehem only to find there is no room for them at the inn, so they take refuge in a cave outside the town.

In these squalid surroundings, Jesus Son of God and Son of Mary is born and carefully wrapped in swaddling clothes by His mother under the watchful eye of St. Joseph.

Christ's advent into the world wasn't heralded in the palace of Herod or of the High Priest, nor was it announced in the Temple. Instead, an angel, surrounded by a great light, appeared to a group of simple shepherds keeping the night watch over their flocks in a field below the cave. The shep-

herds are frightened, but the angel reassures them that he is the bearer of tidings of great joy. He tells them to go over to Bethlehem to see the Child who is the Saviour, Christ the Lord. Suddenly a whole multitude of angels appeared praising God and saying: "Glory to God in the highest, and peace on earth among men of good will."

And these simple shepherds went up to Bethlehem and became the first besides Mary and Joseph to worship the newborn Saviour.

There is a dash too of the romantic and adventurous in the story. Wise men of the East are warned by a star of what is taking place and undertake a long journey to pay their homage to the newborn Saviour. After passing through many dangers they reach Bethlehem and, falling down before the Child, they worship Him and present Him with gifts of gold, frankincense, and myrrh.

At Bethlehem, God becomes visible to human eyes and in that most attractive of all forms, a little Babe. There, surely, God fulfilled the promise He had made to men by the Prophet Osee: "I shall draw them with the cords of Adam, with the bands of love."

WHAT MEN could see and hear and touch at Bethlehem was not a mere form God had assumed to make Himself visible to His favored ones. It was God Himself, as really God as He was really man.

The Birth of Christ at Bethlehem is one of the most sublime mysteries of the Christian religion. Its import is beyond all reckoning, its significance beyond comprehension. And yet the story of Bethlehem is a childlike story and its greatest appeal is to children. If we would understand Bethlehem, we must see it through the eyes of childlike faith. That is one of the reasons for Christ's warning "Unless you become as little children, you shall not enter the Kingdom of Heaven."

Father Ralph Gorman, C.P.



Welcoming the Good Shepherd

In a pre-conclave address delivered to the Cardinals, it fell to Monsignor Bacci, Secretary of Briefs, to outline the qualifications of the Pope they were about to elect. The new Pope should be a man of learning. He must know human as well as divine science. He should be skilled in statecraft. He must act as a bridge between class and class; nation and nation; between God and man. He should be a man of holiness and a compassionate father to all mankind.

The Cardinals selected Angelo Cardinal Roncalli as a man who measured up to this awesome stature. When the news finally broke, throngs in Rome shouted with jubilant joy. The international press was lavish with words of warm praise. Cardinal Roncalli was a holy man, they said. He was humble, affable, optimistic, and approachable. He was a man of principle who knew his own mind. He was experienced in international diplomacy and had intimate knowledge of East-West relations. He was an excellent choice.

At the Coronation Mass, His Holiness delivered a homily overflowing with compassionate love for all people. He whimsically recalled the advice he had received "from all sides." He was to show himself a man of broad learning; a

statesman; a perceptive diplomat; a good organizer. His mind was to be open to every form of modern progress.

The Pope gently brushed aside these recommendations to a position of secondary importance. Overwhelmed with humility, but conscious of the divine summons, he said he wanted to reproduce in his own life the sublime image of the Good Shepherd described by Jesus Christ in the Gospel of Saint John. He desired to be ready for any undertaking, no matter how daring or how direct the action needed, if only it would advance the spiritual welfare of his people —help lead them to eternal life. He would willingly face attacking wolves; gladly lay down his life. Nor would he be faithful to his task if he failed to labor strenuously to bring those "other sheep" into the one fold—under one shepherd. He has committed himself to earnestly advancing the missionary work of the Church.

The Pope also eyed the social order and earthly affairs. He remarked that the eminently spiritual work of the Church would prove of immense benefit to the entire social order. The Pope understands his task well. We heartily join in the warm welcome being accorded our newest Vicar of Christ.

His Holiness, Pope John XXIII, who wishes to be above all a "good shepherd," imparts apostolic blessing to a divided world

RELIGIOUS NEWS



On December 10, 1948, the General Assembly of the United Nations adopted a *Universal Declaration of Human Rights*. Despite the failure of the Assembly to specify clearly the

Lord of Life as the ultimate source and guarantee of these rights and despite the occasional socialistic tinge of "man-worship," yet, on the whole, the

Salute to Human Rights

Declaration has an authentic ring of human dignity and brotherhood. Particularly for a Catholic, nearly all the thirty articles of this Declaration will be readily accepted as flowing from the fact that all men have been created by the same God; all men are created in God's image; the Son of God died for all mankind and invites all to share the same eternal destiny, offering them the same means of holiness and truth. We gladly salute the tenth anniversary of this monument toward man's march to world unity.

All true Americans will be pleased with the similarity between much of the *Universal Declaration* and our own *Bill of Rights*. According to the General Assembly's proclamation, all men have the right to life, liberty, and the security of their person. Everyone has a right to his honor and reputation. Everyone has a right to follow his conscience and to worship God as his conscience dictates. Everyone has a right to freedom of speech, freedom of assembly and association. Everyone, at the proper age, has the right to marry and found a family. Everyone has a right to move about within the borders of his state and to seek work of his choosing. Everyone has a right to equal protection of the laws, and when accused of penal offense, to appear before the law with the dignity of a person and to be presumed innocent till proved guilty. Everyone has a right to be protected by law from arbitrary arrest, arbitrary invasion of one's privacy, home, family, or correspondence. No man has a right to enslave another. Every man has a duty toward his community and the duty to respect the rights of others. Everyone has a right to own private property.

The U.N. document, although without legal force, declares these rights to be universal, regardless of one's race, color, sex, language, religion, or political affiliation; regardless of national or social origin; of property, birth, or status. It is significant that the *Universal Declaration* was adopted by a 48-0 vote, with the Soviet bloc, Saudi Arabia, and Union of South Africa abstaining from signing the declaration.

Dr. Luther Evans, as Director-General of UNESCO, addressed the 24th World Congress of Pax Romana, held last September at Vienna. In the course of his excellent address, the speaker remarked that "The Catholic world has an experience, extending over nearly 2000 years, in bringing the various cultures face to face in one and the same ideal . . . in bringing about a communion of the various cultures in a Faith which, at the same time, respects, inspires, and transcends these cultures. . . ." The "Catholic experience" flows from the unity of the one God and His will to unite all mankind in Jesus Christ, His Only Son.

Racial injustice is economically unsound. The evil effects of racial discrimination fan out into poor standards of education, oppressive housing conditions, and hampered production in industry. The high

The High Cost of Racial Injustice
cost of such social evils is borne not only by the victims of racial prejudice; it is borne alike by the perpetrators. This aspect of racial injustice is not the primary consideration for a Christian or for anyone who believes in the dignity of man and human rights. But it is an important angle for every democratic community to consider.

Job discrimination deprives a man of work, not because he lacks ability but because of his race. The main victim of such prejudice in America is the Negro. Such economic discrimination often confines a capable Negro to unskilled labor and low-paid work. Too often he is the last to be hired and the first to be fired. Even the seniority system many times fails to protect him—unless he has first managed to work himself up to the higher levels of seniority protection.

Poor education is admittedly a barrier to the better jobs. Unfortunately, where there is racial discrimination, poor education often becomes self-perpetuating, especially when joined to oppressive housing conditions. The combination produces the slum area—the ghetto environment. The result is a cultural gap in the community. It becomes an economic and social liability to the community.

More galling to the man of justice are the barriers to better jobs erected against Negroes who have acquired special skills. Negroes with college education and professional training often find themselves frustrated. Considering the natural resentment such injustice arouses, it is amazing that so few Negroes have enlisted in radical movements.

Racial discrimination harms a nation economically and socially. A nation's prosperity is necessarily tied in with its rate of production. To a great degree economic prosperity depends on a fairly skilled labor force. Those who are unable, for one reason or another, to contribute their share of the national output are brakes holding back progress. Unemployment of workers harms the national prosperity.

Racial injustice works two ways. Obviously, it hurts the victims. It also does harm to those who practice it. It is not just an accident that those states with the greatest degree of racial discrimination happen to have the poorest educational systems. In such states, the educational facilities are often wastefully duplicated. Tax resources are drained and the result is inadequate schooling for the whites.

Current "massive-resistance" programs, if continued, will cause a steep rise in the price of prejudice. New facilities will have to be built by private contributions. It is questionable whether most of these new facilities will qualify for academic accreditation. This will impose a barrier, often insuperable, to higher education for many students in the affected states.

The effect of this lower standard of education will be felt in industrial production. The current march of industry into the South, a vitally needed tonic for an underdeveloped region, will be slowed, if not stopped. National corporations will not move into areas where civil strife and inadequate education would be visited upon the supervisory teams they would be sending in. Thus the South would suffer economically. It would also suffer socially. Thriving industries have a wholesome leavening effect on community life.

The North also has its problems in this matter. There is, of course, no legally enforced segregation in the North. Yet Northern states often manage to impose the kind of housing restrictions which create slums. Slums are always costly to a community in terms of crime, vice, police protection, disease, and lowered tax returns.

We are not suggesting that racial justice be practiced because it pays off in dollars and cents. But where bread and butter are concerned people often adopt shortsighted policies toward "competitors." The above considerations may serve to induce some people to re-examine their current attitudes and adopt a more human, a Christian view of their Negro neighbors. The United States of America, dedicated to the principles of democracy, cannot tolerate, either on religious or democratic grounds, racial injustice. On economic grounds, it cannot afford it.



At a crucial moment in world relations, Pope John XXIII brings to the Papacy wide experience gained in East and West



Following tradition, Cardinal Roncalli receives Red Hat from French president Auriol in 1953. In Venice, he said collaboration with Marxists is "fatal"

UPI PHOTOS



The Pontiff at Lourdes last March, dedicating new underground basilica. The farmer's son, who succeeded to Peter's Chair, is alert and strong at 77

GILLOON



As a young priest Angelo Roncalli was a bishop's secretary. He began studies for priesthood at 11, was ordained in 1904

GILLOON



UPI

During World War I, Pontiff was a sergeant in Italian medical corps, then military hospital chaplain. Later, he aided religious education



WIDE WORLD

As Apostolic Nuncio in Paris, the jovial Archbishop Roncalli won esteem as a skilled diplomat, strengthening Vatican-France ties



RELIGIOUS NEWS



The Holy Father, posing for the sculptor Bartelletti in 1948, was also a delegate to UNESCO, encouraged Catholics to aid it



GILLOON

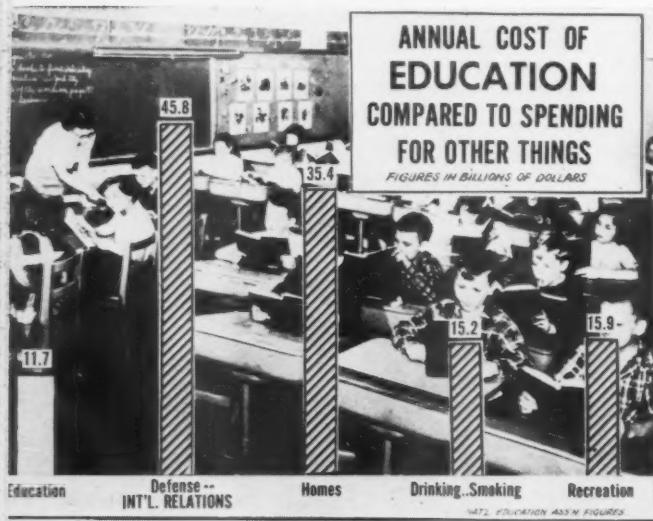
Everybody's beaming as Khrushchev receives Afro-Asian journalists meeting in Moscow. He wants their support, but do they want his? He doesn't seem to mind their color



WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

Vatican events overshadowed another loss felt by the Church here: the sudden death of Detroit's archbishop, Edward Cardinal Mooney, who also served in Europe and Asia. He eased labor tension by backing sound unionism

Is there a shortage of teachers in your community? Graph may give a reason. It's incredible that smoking and drinking are more important to us than education



Views in Brief

A Merry Push-button? The nation's secretaries are getting ready for that beautiful and inspiring custom of the executive exchange of Christmas cards. This is a system in which people who do business with one another during the year reciprocate some kind of greeting (which may or may not come attached to some liquid refreshment, depending on the amount of business done). In real executive fashion, the exchange is effortless on their part, for the cards bear a printed signature, the recipients are kept on file, and the dear secretaries do all the work of addressing the envelopes and licking the stamps. The real ingenuity of the system lies in the fact that the executives are completely detached from the incoming and outgoing warm and sincere wishes. Maybe it's the secretaries who ought to do the exchanging. But why start that? Pretty soon a cute little steno will only have to push a button and all the businessmen will have wished all the businessmen. . . .

All the News. As news coverage of events, especially crimes, becomes more probing and sensational, we wonder about the respect that newspapers (and their readers) have for reputations and even lives. We might recall the words of Pope Pius XII to American newsmen: "You understand the grave responsibility resting on you. Be conscious of it when you write. You have your ethical principles worthy of a noble art; yet you will agree that there is an evil press abroad that scorns those norms. Bring the weight of your honorable loyalty and fearless example to thwart the harm it can do. Calumny and scandal, how quick-footed they are! A whisper, harmless perhaps though unwarranted, is blown up to a one-inch headline, and what havoc it can wreak in family life, in the lives of individuals and nations! A scoop is not worth the deep sense of shame that should come to one guilty of such conduct!" And readers might recall the saying of the Earl of Chesterfield: "In scandal as in robbery, the receiver is always thought as bad as the thief."

Poison Pill. The birth-prevention fraternity is excited about the reported effectiveness of a new pill which prevents conception. Oral contraceptive, that's what it is. At the opposite pole are those who are currently advocating "voluntary adultery" for the express purpose of conceiving a child. Where is this "improvement" on the laws of mankind established by God going to end? It doesn't require much perspicacity to see that the disgusting decay of family life (which is the basis of our civilization) lies ahead. That is why those who believe in God must fight for Him—even when the battleground is a harmless-looking little bottle of pills.

On the Road. A short while ago, Dr. Kelleher, director of the Chicago Municipal Court Psychiatric Institute, urged thorough medical examinations to prevent the mentally ill and physically infirm from obtaining driver's licenses. Among the mentally ill who got licenses, he said, were the senile, the feeble-minded, epileptics, and sufferers from other convulsive-producing diseases. He also recommended the annual renewal of licenses by drivers over sixty-five years old. In view of the heavier traffic, higher speeds, and increasing number of accidents, the doctor may well have made a good point. Much emphasis has been put recently on the moral aspects of driving. This emphasis is needed. And certainly, if there is a necessity for regular inspection of the automobile, it is not unreasonable at all to insist on some inspection of the condition of the driver.

These Italian

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Finally, they
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How Catholic is Italy?



BLACK STAR

These Italian pilgrims, carrying their candles and religious banners, reflect their intense and overwhelming devotion

Italy, center of the Catholic world, is almost entirely Catholic. How strong is the Church there?

by **BARRETT McGURN**

When the census-taker called on the correspondent of a New York paper in Rome just before the war, he asked him whether he was a Catholic. The reporter said that he was not. "Jewish," the census man wrote down.

"I'm not Jewish," the reporter inter-

"Catholic," the census-taker wrote. "But I said I was not a Catholic," the correspondent put in with the beginnings of exasperation.

"I know, that's what I thought you said." The statistics collector was in confusion.

Finally, they got it straightened out. Italy has 150,000 Protestants in a pop-

ulation of 50,000,000, but the census-taker had never heard of them. As far as his experience went, there were only two religious choices.

Statistics show that 99.6 per cent of Italy is officially Catholic. The true figure is far below that because 40 per cent or more of Italy votes Communist, pro-Communist Socialist or anti-Communist Socialist. All three left-wing currents are Marxist, and to the extent

that any Italian really understands and approves of them he is cut off from Catholicism.

At this point begins the debate about just what part of Italy is really Catholic, for it is clear that a good share of the left-wing voters cast their ballots as they do, not because they comprehend Marxism or because they want to do anything unbecoming a Catholic, but only because they wish to protest against the hardships of life and hope to strengthen the hands of those who possibly might be able to struggle for a better living for them.

Very many would like to be Catholics and Communists both.

BARRETT McGURN, head of the Rome Bureau of the New York *Herald Tribune*, has won two awards as best foreign correspondent for the American press—the George Polk Award (1955) and the Overseas Press Club Award (1956).

An example is the mayor of one of Italy's largest cities who sent his daughter to a Sisters' school.

Another is a Communist whose brother-in-law is a monsignor. Before every meal the Communist blesses himself.

"Why do that?", his friendly enemy brother-in-law once asked him.

"I don't know," the Communist answered.

Unlike France where Communists are grimmer, Italy sees many Communists call for a priest at their deathbed. Moreover, Communist mobs actually have laid hands on priests to force them to accompany their dead to the graveyard when clergy have hesitated because of the hammers and sickles, red flags, and other Moscow symbols the same Reds carried in the funeral processions. Communists do not want to hear that Communism and Catholicism are incompatible.

Much, if not all, of the reason for the existence of so many Italian "Catholic-Communists" is that the Communist Party has preached for a decade that the two can fit together, that a man can be a Communist "politically" and a Catholic "by religion." Unquestionably, this is a lie; the Communists mean to convert their Catholic followers into atheists. There is also no doubt that the Communist leaders think it will take many years, even decades, to do the job if they are ever to succeed at all. Penetration of the Catholic spirit in Italy is too deep to be erased before many decades under the best of condi-

tions from a Communist point of view. Even Palmiro Togliatti, head of Italy's Communists, is named for the Palm Sunday on which he was born (that is the meaning of the "palm" in Palmiro").

So far Italy's Communists still baptize their children, but Church authorities are worried that if Communism continues much longer a discontinuance of the baptizing of the Reds' children could begin. Already there are Communist scout camps where atheism is taught. If baptisms are suspended, the work of de-Christianizing Italy would begin on a much graver scale than now.

A perennial question is how a 40 per cent Marxist vote can be rolled up in a nominally all-Catholic and almost entirely baptized country. Part of the reason is that Italy has no parochial school system. Only a small percentage of children attend the few existing Catholic schools. Since 1929, permission has been given to teach the Catholic religion in the public schools, although it is not a compulsory subject, and no credit is given for the course. Few hours are set aside for such instruction and instructors are scarce.

Coupled with the fact that Italy's public school system is still little better than primitive and that a substantial minority is still illiterate, the lack of Catholic schools means that many Italians never learn their religion very well. When such Italians emigrate, they often discard their religion just as they abandon the broken Italian which was

all they knew in their roadless, phoneless, waterless, and even sometimes cemeteryless native villages. Taxis from Northern Europe and such doorways to the outer world as radio and TV have served to undermine closed Catholic worlds of mountain villages at the result of inherited, unschooled religion coming in contact with the educated, lay, and often religiously indifferent outer world.

I asked the pastor of Cervara di Roma how he liked the idea that a road was about to link his village with the outside world for the first time. Cervara perches on a haystack-shaped hill high above the valley in which St. Benedict founded the first monastery of the Western world fifteen centuries ago. Cervara has changed scarcely at all since the Middle Ages and its two Sunday Masses (one at dawn, the other at 11 a.m.) are crowded. For the shepherds' Mass has long been the one beautiful ceremony of the week.

"Terrible," the pastor told me. "Now Communists can come to town on wheels!"

Until then, it had been a two-hour walk up the cliff to get to Cervara. Donkeys, "the Cervara taxicabs," were the sole transport for those who refused to go on foot.

The pastor was desperate to get a motion picture projector. Italian law specified that a village that small could have only one to avoid waste of money. Whoever got the first projector could control at least that type of outside in-

A nation which has so warm and gentle a character and has given the Church

Rome is indeed the heart of the Catholic world. For four centuries, Italy has given the Church her popes



Evidence of Christianity is humble, poverty-accepting character of the people

fluence in the pious old village. The priest obtained the machine; nothing could stop the road. That came, too, and now diverse new influences—not just Communist—are riding into Cervara "on wheels." The only answer, of course, is not to resist progress but to tackle the enormous task of raising the level of Italian education and especially religious education.

The relatively poor level of Catholic schooling in Italy has historical reasons. In 1870, when the troops uniting Italy conquered the Papal States, ending 1,000 years of Pontifical temporal rule in Central Italy, a fifty-nine-year estrangement between State and Church began. Practicing Catholics neither ran for public office nor voted in the elections. The legal profession went into the hands of men who rejected Catholicism, and not more than a handful of the professors of philosophy in the universities were convinced Catholics. Even after Mussolini and Pope Pius XI signed the pact ending a split which had tormented Italian Catholic patriots, a partial divorce of the Church from Italian intellectual life persisted. Fascists refused, for instance, to let the Church organize boy scout troops. Only the Allied liberation opened the way for full Church activity in modern Italy.

Viewed in that light, the Church has had little more than a decade in which to work. And already there are a thriving Catholic university, eight Catholic dailies, 100 Catholic weeklies, and a score of Catholic philosophy professors

in contact with the educated civilian youth. Catholics have also assumed the guiding roles in law and government. All postwar premiers have been devout Catholics and the president, too, for the first time is a Catholic. Among the premiers, the late Alcide de Gasperi, who served in the most critical postwar and post-Fascist years, could not have been more exemplary as a layman. His day never began without spiritual reading (usually from St. Paul) and the premier's texts often were suggested in letters from his nun daughter.

Also in this period, 6 per cent of the population have joined the Catholic Action organization.

Of course, Italy's Church cannot be judged in the terms of these post-Fascist years alone. Twenty Christian centuries have gone into the making of what Catholic spirit exists in Italy, and history has left marks of both kinds—bad and good.

One of the negative traces was reflected in a talk with the shoemaker who was head of the Communist Party at Castel Gandolfo, the village where the Pope spends the hot Rome summers.

I asked the Communist why he felt as he did and what success he was having. He replied that he was a Communist because many of the wealthy class were among those who sought Papal audiences, whereas he was having a hard time with Castel Gandolfo's poor people. The old were in some part his allies, but the young were being "lost to Catholic Action," he said.

It was the reverse of what I expected. The Communist explained. A century earlier, when the idea of having a modern republic swept the Rome hill towns, the new concept clashed inevitably with the established order, the ancient Papal states. Many "republicans" became anticlerical politically, although not always antireligious or anti-Catholic. Now that the Papal states no longer existed, now that all accepted the republic from the Catholic president, Giovanni Gronchi, on down, and now that many thought that it was better not to burden the Holy Father with temporal rule over a large area and population, the old issue was dead except in the memories of the very old.

Some of the aged were still "republican," still anticlerical, and thus fair targets for the cobbler Communist leader. But the young, unburdened by the bitter political inheritance, were following young Catholic Action leaders into support of the Christian Democratic (Catholic-inspired) Party, as were 45 per cent of Italy's people. Perhaps another 5 per cent in Italy voted for other more or less Catholic-minded parties.

Another sad inheritance among Italy's Catholics is the absence of a tradition of Church support. Formerly, the Pope himself provided directly for the building of the churches in central Italy, and now many feel no responsibility for the support of the priests whose Masses they attend. A middle-class man will feel no shame as he drops into the col-

so many saints can pride itself on a Catholic spirit few other nations can claim



Poverty and ignorance
to Communism

WIDE WORLD



Poverty frequently means
poor education in religion



Many feel no concern
for support of priests

BLACK STAR

Everywhere there are
reminders of the Faith



lection plate a sum too small to pay for a single cigarette. I have seen a man take change of one lira (one sixth of an American cent) from a five-lira note (not quite a cent) after paying the two-lira charge for a seat for himself and for another at Mass. Many priests in postwar Italy have an income of only \$1.25 a day. Some cloistered nuns have to get by on ten or fifteen cents a day. One priest slept for five years inside his church because he had no parish house and could afford no rent. Many priests have slowly starved.

In Southern Italy, superstitions have taken root beside orthodox Catholic practice. I have seen small children wearing around their necks both crosses and miniature models of bull's horns, the latter a pagan charm against the evil eye. In the homeland of the Mafia criminal society in Sicily, police told me of swearing-in ceremonies in which new "Mafiosi" have held burning holy pictures until the cards have singed their fingertips. Some lingering piety required outlaws to associate things of the Church with their nefarious business.

I visited the home town of Salvatore Giuliano, a Sicilian desperado who killed 110 policemen before law officers arranged to have him shot down at the end of a seven-year chase. Police said that young Giuliano was seeing to it that Masses were celebrated for each of those he slew. I went to Mass at the parish church of the little Giuliano village. The sermon of the day was about Padre Pio, a South Italian Franciscan priest believed to be a stigmatist. Southern Italians visit him on virtual pilgrimages. I gathered from the sermon that Giuliano's town was no exception. No doubt many of the young bandit's accomplices were in the congregation as the pastor spoke.

"Visiting Padre Pio," he said, "is all right, but there is something else you should do which requires much less traveling and is much better. You should go to Confession and Communion!"

For many it seemed a new idea. The congregation listened silently. At least, even there in the bandit's lair, the priest was still getting his message across.

There are many dark spots in the Italian Catholic scene, but there are bright ones too. However little the Faith is practiced by many Italians, reminders of it are everywhere—not only in street corner altars, roadside shrines, and dozens of holy pictures on the walls of the humblest homes and shops, but also in the names on the maps. More than two thousand hamlets and other corners of Italy are named for Mary. Six hundred are called after St. Peter. Four

INTERCESSION FOR ONE GOING FORTH

Your friends are praying
You may be strong,
Find your God by you,
The road not long,
Your labor fruitful,
Your days a song.

Your foes are asking
Your sudden shame,
On your hands ruin,
Blight on your name,
That you retrace, sobbing,
The way you came.

But I am pleading for you,
With strong tears and cries,
Only such courage
As in you lies,
And the night of failure
To widen your eyes.

BY RACHEL HARRIS CAMPBELL

hundred and sixty-four other saints' names are accorded geographical perpetuation.

A deeper evidence of what Christianity has meant to Italy is in the humble, long-suffering, good-natured, and poverty-accepting character of the people. Perhaps this explains why Italian Communists are gentler than their Russian contemporaries.

A ragged shepherd stopped me outside Cervara and asked what I thought of the village. It looked like a wasps' nest hanging from its steep peak. I fumbled for a compliment.

"Come, now, tell me," he persisted. "What do you think of our 'Paris of the Abruzzi'? And what do you make of me?"

His cheeks were sunken. At forty, most of his teeth were gone.

"Well," I said clumsily, "you have much for which to be thankful!"

It was the right answer.

"How strange of you to say it," the man said. "I have often thought of that myself. Here on the hill, so far from the road, there are no wheels, no traffic, no horns. I often think of it. I have silence!"

It must have been what Benedict and his monks thought 1,500 years earlier in that same cleft in the mountains.

One summer I rented a former monastery on the hill between Cervara and the road. The monastery had been confiscated in 1870 at the time of the

overthrow of the Papal States and had come down through several hands to the man from whom I rented it. The home lacked even running water, but it floated like a ship in the sky high on that steep hillside. Old farmers related its story. A half century earlier an artist had bought it as a studio and had ordered local workers to knock out the ancient chapel wall to make living room.

Most had refused.

"We can't," the laborers explained. They pointed to the chapel mural: "Those are our saints there on the wall—Benedict and his sister, Scholastica."

One at last had agreed to do the demolition. A day later he suffered a stroke. Just what actually happened had no way of checking, but there was no question that after fifteen centuries everyone still thought the same way about "our saints."

I climbed the steep wall of Mount Autore one night for the annual pilgrimage of the Holy Trinity. Although the sheer ascent of several hundred feet was dangerous in the black of a moonless night, I was told that the hours between dusk and dawn were the time to go. That brought you to the cave of the thousand-year-old shrine for the dawn Mass and also made the ascent far easier than struggling upward in the midday sun.

"But will I find my way?" I asked a man in a coffee shop.

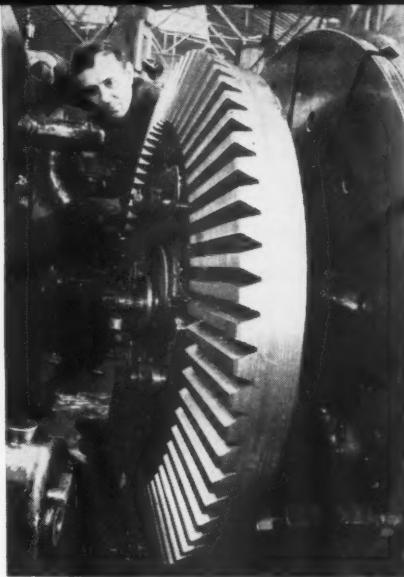
"Find your way?" He was astonished. "The path will be as crowded as this."

He held up two fingers side by side. I took his word and set out. He was right. I was unable to take three full strides the whole of the three-hour climb without pulling up behind the heels of someone else. For 100 square miles all that part of the Appenine chain was in motion toward the shrine.

How Catholic is Italy? A clue is found in some simple statistics. The country has the largest single national group of priests in the world, about one for every 800 persons in the country. It has one fifth of the bishops in charge of dioceses, a third of the cardinals, and it has given the Church all its popes for the past four centuries, including some of history's greatest ecclesiastical leaders. The names of the most recent come quickly to mind. Leo XIII, Saint Pius X, Benedict XV, Pius XI, and Pius XII. Italy needs more education of all kinds and a vast increase in religious instruction especially, but a nation which has so warm and gentle a basic character and has given the Church so many saints (Francis of Assisi, Thomas Aquinas, and hundreds of others) can pride itself on a Catholic spirit few other nations can claim.

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Science, technology, and heavy industry geared to military might have brought Russia up front,

but Soviet standard of living continues sadly to lag behind

Russia: Advanced Nation?

by DAVID J. DALLIN

AT FIRST GLANCE, the Soviet Union appears to be a huge puzzle, a country of contradictions, a singular combination of achievement and failure, progress and backwardness, strength and weakness. Is she, as her government claims, the leader in world progress, or does she lag behind the great nations of our time?

Soviet industrial development has indeed caught up with and overtaken that of many of the industrial nations of the world and in some fields has outstripped the combined industry of all of Western Europe. The sputniks were not an isolated phenomenon but an indicator of economic and scientific advancement. Nor is Moscow merely bragging when it hints at possession of intercontinental missiles of a kind not yet achieved in the United States. The Soviet Union offers foreign countries industrial equipment and machinery. Even in the production of instruments for drilling of oil wells—a field in which America has

been considered the producer *par excellence*—she has made spectacular advances.

The United Nations recently published its weighty *Yearbook* for 1957, which is based on information supplied by individual governments. Although the picture which emerges from data obtained in this manner may be biased and too rosy, the essential Soviet claim, which is supported by figures, is valid: the Soviet Union has overtaken the great countries of Western Europe in output of pig-iron, petroleum, in production of steel and in some other fields, and continues to move forward. How far will these advances go? Are there limitations to further developments?

But there is another side to this pic-

ture of the Soviet economy, and about this Moscow maintains a strange silence: production and consumption of food and consumer goods. The same 1957 United Nations *Yearbook*, which otherwise abounds in Soviet figures, has nothing to say about production in the Soviet Union of main foodstuffs, housing, medicinal products, and a number of other goods the production of which is an indicator of a modern nation's progress. From the Soviet press we may learn something about what its pompous anti-Western pronouncements try to conceal: that the standard of living of the overwhelming majority of the Russian people is far below that of Western Europe, not to speak of the United States; that Soviet progress in this respect has been far too slow if the Russian aim is to catch up with and compete with the West.

Thus we get the contradictory picture of great progress in certain areas of production and a serious lag in popular

DAVID J. DALLIN, noted writer on international affairs, was born in Russia and educated there and at Heidelberg University in Germany. He has published many books in the U. S., including *Soviet Espionage* and *The Changing World of Soviet Russia*.

consumption: sputniks, but no thermometers; atomic energy, but no steam; magnificent subways and impassable dirt roads. As a Moscow joke has it: a naked man in a silk hat.

This gap in the Soviet economy is due to the peculiar pattern of industrialization consciously and consistently pursued by the Soviet government. Since the late 20's, when the Five-Year plans began, it has been held as a tenet that in her economic development Russia must not follow the Western pattern. With an eye on the "inevitable" wars to come, all attention must be focused on those branches of industry which, directly or indirectly, produce for the military forces, while the branches producing for consumer needs must be relegated to secondary priority.

Thus industrialization in the Soviet Union really has meant militarization. "Heavy industry" is a euphemism for "war industry": in particular, Soviet "machine-building" embraces the production of arms, about which strict secrecy has been maintained; it embraces the production of tanks, military trucks, aviation, artillery, and other types of weapons from the simplest to the most complicated, and probably including a large amount of atomic military weapons.

The old Russian historian Vasili Klyuchevsky once said that throughout its history the Russian state grew and fattened while its population became thinner and thinner. The same might be said of the Soviet heir of the old Russian empire.

Volumes would be needed if all pertinent reports on the Soviet economy appearing in the Soviet press were to be quoted. According to *Pravda* (September 17, 1958), a recent inspection of food stores revealed that "the members of the raid (inspection) brigade found entries in (the obligatory) 'complaints and suggestions' books about unsanitary conditions in the stores, rudeness and inattention on the part of personnel, and lack of ability and unwillingness of personnel to help customers select what they needed." "Store No. 17 of the Lenin regional sales organization is conspicuous because of its dusty windows. . . . The big salesrooms are dirty, and sausages, herrings, butter, sour cream are covered with flies. More than one customer has commented on the unsanitary condition of the store . . ." "Herring and liver, melons and patties are all kept in the same receptacle. The food gets spoiled."

In Kirov stores No. 22 and 23, no bags were available for flour and other foodstuffs, and customers, after having spent considerable time waiting in line, could not take their purchases out be-

cause they had not brought their own bags. Many food stores, the report indicates, have no refrigerators: in the city of Kiev, for instance, only 30 to 35 per cent of the stores have this elementary appliance. In Minsk, capital of a Union republic, hospitals lack pyramidon, a common medicinal product. In Archangel, not a single pharmacy had a supply of cotton. In Soviet Latvia there was a lack of the most common medications. Thermometers were impossible to obtain, according to the press of Kaunas, Tallin, Archangel, and other places.

There have been a number of studies of housing in Russia, several reports of which have appeared in this country. The appalling situation of several families living in one room and sharing a common kitchen, and the resulting quarrels and even suicides, has prevailed for decades, and although the government is trying to remedy the conditions, old houses become more dilapidated and the demand is greater than the supply of new buildings.

Construction of new houses is often substandard. A report from coal-producing Donbas states: "Wonderful houses are built for the miners. Bathrooms, central heating—what more could one ask? One thing is missing: for five years, neither the bathrooms nor the central heating system have had . . . water! Five years! But that is not all: drinking water can be obtained only at a place a kilometer and a half away. . . ."

Foreign visitors to Russia usually see only the large cities; more often than not their attention is focused on well-dressed and asphalted Moscow. The people of vast rural Russia, which occupies three-fourths of the nation's area, live, as before, in millions of wooden *izbas* (shacks).

The Soviet government regularly releases statistical reports on the achievements of the Five-Year plans in the main branches of industry, and proudly points to "overfulfillment" of the Plan in one or another area. Managers, engineers, and factories are awarded medals and banners. This exuberance and bestowing of prizes go mainly to "heavy industry"; other sectors of the Soviet economy often go unsung.

In all countries, employment of female labor is an index of the standard of living. In general, women, especially mothers, do not go to work in factories unless the family is in real need. In the Soviet Union, according to official Soviet statistics, women constituted 25 per cent of the labor force before the revolution; thirty years ago, in 1929, they constituted 28 per cent; the percentage rose to 41 in 1940; it was 45 in 1950 and has remained at that level since. In Soviet building industries, for example

—industries which in this country employ almost no female labor—women represented 7 per cent of the labor force in 1949 and 31 per cent in 1955.

What, then, is the real meaning of the term "advanced country"? We normally define an advanced country as one in which there is a high degree of scientific, technological, and economic achievement and a high standard of living for the masses of the population. In the Soviet Union we see a nation in which these elements have been divorced from one another. We see a country which has successfully developed science, technology, and economy insofar as they affect the nation's military strength, but which has relegated to second place the factor of the well-being of the people.

Fifty years ago, measured by the yard stick of the standard of living of the general population, the six greatest nations of the modern world ranked as follows: the United States, Great Britain, France, Germany, Italy, Russia. The same order would still be valid today (perhaps with the addition of Japan between Italy and Russia); the Soviet Union still occupies last place, a fact never seriously disputed by Moscow.

Russia's retardation in this most important area makes her position within the framework of her own bloc of nations a difficult one. The fact that her European allies and satellites are more advanced than she has created problems and crises. The people of Great Britain have always enjoyed a much higher living standard than the populations of former and present British colonies (India, Burma, and the others); the people of the Netherlands have had a higher standard of living than the people of Indonesia; etc.

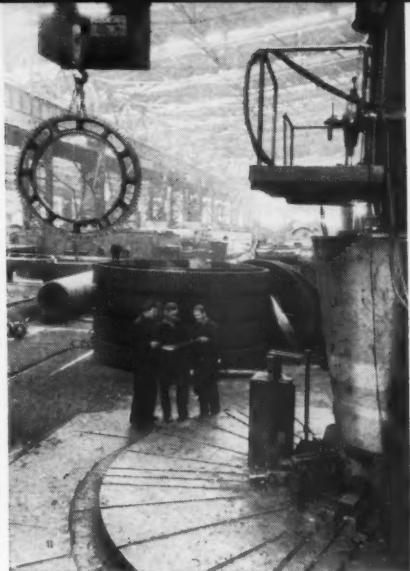
In the case of the Soviet empire, the situation is reversed. Czechoslovakia, Poland, even Rumania and Hungary, in the past enjoyed and even now enjoy a higher standard of living than does the Soviet Union. Whatever we may think of the old system of empire, there was a certain logic in the economic relationship between the old metropolises and their colonies; today the Czechs, Poles, and Hungarians resent having to take economic lessons from a nation which bases its supremacy on purely military power instead of general superiority, no to speak of the East Germans, who often serve as teachers to their masters.

Though qualified to play the role of an advanced nation in dealing with her Asian allies and satellites, the Soviet Union looks, in Eastern Europe, on a phalanx of smaller nations which, she is well aware, cannot be ranged below herself on the ladder of human progress. In this phalanx of nations, Czechoslovakia

(Continued on page 80)

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Moscow boasts of heavy industrial gains but is strangely silent on foods and consumer goods



Machine shop in Urals. Russia has surpassed Europeans in steel production



Russia displays mighty artillery on Red Square during Fortieth Anniversary celebration

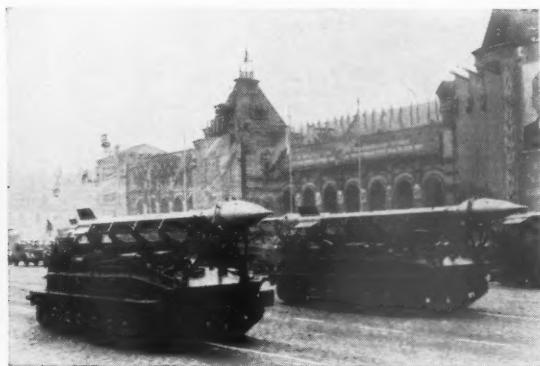


Women workers in street of Moscow suburb. Women are 45 per cent of Soviet work force

Sovfoto & Black Star photos



Ilyich Iron and Steel Mills, at Zhdanov, important center of heavy industry



Rocket equipment unveiled to public November, 1957, commemorating Fortieth Anniversary



Typical collective-house. Units are unpainted and uniformly alike

adoption without frontiers

You might say that the Durkin children of Cincinnati are international transplanted orphans blooming in their new environment. Four-year-old Kevin landed in the arms of Jerry and Betty Durkin by way of La Sauvegarde Orphanage in Quebec; seven-year-old Mary Therese came from the Star of the Sea Orphanage in Inchon, Korea, and was a very frightened waif when she reached U.S. soil a year ago. Quite apart from forming a unique "UN" family, the Durkins' tenderness and patience in teaching the children a new language and customs are opening up a wonderful new life for Kevin and Mary Therese.

Like many U.S. childless couples, the Durkins found a long waiting list when they applied to adopt a child at a Catholic agency. Rather than wait four years, they applied to the Canadian orphanage, flew up for Kevin, a bewildered tot requiring special care to adjust from a French to an English-speaking surrounding. Came time for a second child and the Durkins found none available in Quebec, so Cincinnati Catholic Charities aided them in obtaining Mary Therese who brought her parents simple and deep joys, such as hearty Korean songs interspersed with a very American version of *Jingle Bells*.



22



HOWARD NEWMAN

Mary Therese Durkin has found a musical mother and responsive dancing partner

Children had to re-learn prayers in English, were consecrated to Our Lady



a doctor's TV manner

Last summer's debate on the use of contraceptives in New York City hospitals illustrated how much misunderstood by the general public is the Catholic position on questions of ethics. It is clear that the public does not distinguish between the law of the Church, which applies to Catholics, and the law of God, which applies to everyone. Hence, the Church is criticized for upholding the natural law's prohibition of artificial birth prevention, sterilization, and mercy killing *for everyone*.

In this cloud of confusion, an authoritative—and welcome—voice has recently gained national attention. Dr. Daniel J. Bradley, president of the medical board of Good Samaritan Hospital, Long Island, N.Y., appeared on John Wingate's TV program *Nightbeat* and gave a brilliantly straightforward explanation of the Catholic approach to these controversial questions. The letters of congratulations were headed by a special blessing from Pope Pius XII. Several members of the hierarchy wrote of their approval of this use of modern communications to spread truth as did 300 people (only one writer criticized Dr. Bradley). A few months later, he was again on TV, this time debating the same questions on the *Fannie Hurst* program.

A Notre Dame and Cornell graduate, Dr. Bradley served with distinction in the Army Medical Corps in the South Pacific during World War II. He's a director of the National Catholic Physicians Guild which gave him the "satisfactory chore" of going on TV.

Dr. Daniel J. Bradley: "The natural law is engraved on the hearts of everyone"

ED LETTAU

SAINT OF THE SAHARA



Charles de Foucauld

Conversions are always marvelous but few required as much grace as "The Hog"

by ROBERT RIGBY

HE WAS NICKNAMED "The Hog" by his young fellow cadets at Saumur, France's élite cavalry school. He looked the part—short, heavy-jowled, and bulging like a sausage in his over-tight uniforms. He had the manner, too.

He was incredibly gluttonous. With a few cronies or else alone (it made no difference to him), "The Hog" devoured gargantuan dinners at the best restaurants, washed them down with vintage wines. He gobbled bonbons and pastries the day long. On his bedside table was always a pound of rich goose-liver for night-time snacks.

He was also extravagantly lazy. He would call a cab rather than walk a hundred yards. If he dropped a glove, he would not stoop to pick it up but order a new pair. Enormously wealthy by inheritance, he disdained taking the trouble of collecting his monthly cadet's pay—and collected demerits instead.

Of these he had plenty, collecting them with snobbish pride. In a single year he racked up 66 days of disciplinary arrest, yet still managed to stay in school. Clever but scornful of study, his aim was to graduate—just—as last man in his class. He succeeded, last of 87 cadets.

That "The Hog" might ever become an exemplary officer and a courageous explorer seemed highly improbable to everyone at Saumur in the year 1879. That he might also later become a man of God, a model of saintly austerity, and a martyr of the Church, seemed fantastic, even blasphemous.

Yet Charles-Eugène, Vicomte de Foucauld de Pontbriand, was to become all this and more—spiritual founder of a flourishing religious order and one of this century's candidates for sainthood.

No one could have led a more unsaintly life to begin with. Born September 15, 1858, in Strasbourg, Charles de Foucauld was the only son of a rich and ancient noble family. An orphan at six, he was raised by a doting grandfather who gave him a free rein. Headstrong, contemptuous of all forms of discipline, he was booted out of one school after another. At 15 he jettisoned his faith and plunged into a life of dissipation.

Native intelligence carried Charles de Foucauld through St. Cyr, France's West Point, and then through Saumur. Posted to the crack 4th Hussars, the young sybarite began his active career by promptly getting dismissed from his regiment. The reason: he had taken his mistress along to Algeria and introduced her in regimental circles as the "Vicomtesse."

Later, though, fed up with an aimless round of pleasure, he requested reinstatement when his old regiment was ordered into action against Arab

marauders. Soon he won ungrudging admiration for his endurance on desert patrols, his courage in battle. The former hell-rake had turned into a first-class officer—as long, that is, as there was fighting to be done.

But garrison life made him again restless, bored. Already a bold plan was taking shape in his mind: to explore neighboring Morocco, then a mysterious, fiercely hostile territory. Refused a leave of absence, he forthwith resigned his commission—the Foucaulds had always been stubborn.

But wanting to explore Morocco and actually doing it were two different matters. For hundreds of years Europeans had hoped to open the territory. It was always the same story: they managed to enter Morocco but they never returned.

Christians were not tolerated in Morocco by the fanatical Moslems, but tight-knit Jewish communities had been settled there for ages. Foucauld decided to make his expedition in the guise of a wandering Jew. So it was that one day in 1883, a certain "Rabbi Joseph" humbly clothed in tattered garments, set forth with a single guide to explore Morocco. Eleven months later, emaciated and sun-blackened, his filthy robe crawling with lice, he rode his donkey back into Algeria.

Foucauld had crossed 2,000 miles of harsh, hostile country, endured great privations, been in constant danger of his life. But more important than the physical feat itself was the stack of notebooks hidden under his robes. Filled with accurate maps and data on tribes, they formed the first detailed report in modern times on the "forbidden land."

Publication of his findings made the young explorer the lion of Parisian society. But it meant nothing to him. The desert, with its infinite horizons, had turned his mind to infinite things. He was obsessed by what he conceived to be the need and yet, for him, the absence of God.

At a reception one night Foucauld happened to meet an Abbé Huvelin, vicar at St. Augustine's Church. Though partially paralyzed, the priest radiated an inner joyfulness that amazed everyone. Moreover, he seemed capable of seeing into the minds of others. Foucauld sensed that his own spiritual struggle was no longer a secret.

Early one morning not long afterward he felt irresistibly drawn to St. Augustine's for a talk with Abbé Huvelin. The priest was hearing confessions, so Foucauld patiently waited his turn, then slipped into the obscurity of the confessional.

"Monsieur l'abbé, I'm not here to confess. I lost my faith long ago. But I'd like some help. There are so many dif-

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culties—the Mysteries, the miracles . . .” “Kneel, my son, and confess to God,” interrupted Abbé Huvelin gently. “You will believe.”

Foucauld started to leave. “But I haven’t come for that!”

“Kneel, my son . . .”

In a daze the young man threw himself on his knees and confessed. After an absence of 13 years, the prodigal son had returned.

His life was totally transformed from then on: “As soon as I believed there was a God, I understood that I was able to do nothing but live for Him. My religious vocation dated from the same moment as my faith.”

But Abbé Huvelin urged him to move slowly, to be sure of a vocation first. Eventually he entered the Trappist order, spent some years in a monastery in France, then six years in Syria. Frère Alberic, as he was called, was a model Trappist, recognized by his superiors as possessing rare spiritual qualities. But he longed to lead a life of work and prayer even more austere than the severe Trappist rule.

Granted exceptional permission to leave his order, he journeyed to the Holy Land, to Nazareth. There he worked for a time as a humble handyman at several convents, fasting and living in the utmost poverty. Though he considered himself unworthy, his superiors constantly urged him to become a priest.

At the age of 42, nearly 15 years after his conversion, he was at last ordained. The new Père Foucauld immediately set a course for the Sahara Desert and eventually came to settle in the tiny, isolated oasis of Tamanrasset, 1500 miles south of Algiers.

Tamanrasset lies on a windswept, stony plateau in the desolate Hogar region. Surrounded by desert, this area is dominated by a jagged chain of mountains, some of them 10,000 feet high, rising from the very bedrock of the African continent.

This is the home of the Tuaregs, one of the Sahara’s most picturesque and poorest peoples. Numbering several hundred thousand, this tall, proud race is sometimes called the “blue people” because the dye from their dark-blue robes, in which they are swathed up to their eyes, impregnates their skin.

When Père Foucauld came to the Hogar in 1905, the Tuareg way of life had remained unchanged for centuries and resembled a medieval society. All work—the cultivation of a few miserable fields of millet and barley, the tending of camels and sheep—was done by vassals, who were Sudanese slaves.

The Tuareg men themselves were fierce, camel-riding warriors who lived only for fighting and marauding. Veri-

table pirates of the desert, they used to swoop down from their mountain fastnesses and pillage passing caravans laden with gold, ivory, and slaves.

In this society, where pity was scorned and fighting prowess considered almost the only virtue, Père Foucauld saw his first task as winning the confidence of the Tuaregs, getting them accustomed to having a Christian in their midst. There was no hope of immediate evangelization, for the Tuaregs were staunch Moslems. “I must work now,” he wrote in his diary, “so that the Hogar may become Christian over the centuries.”

The Tuaregs had their own language, totally different from Arabic. Since there was no existing Tuareg-French dictionary, the Père compiled one as he learned the language.

Soon, attracted by his kindness and generosity, the tribespeople were flocking to the hermitage of their white *marabout* (holy man). He distributed alms and cared for the sick, many of whom suffered terribly from trachoma. As many as a hundred callers would come daily, and so that none should ever be turned away, the Père postponed his long hours of prayer until night-time and slept but little.

His extreme poverty brought him close to the Tuaregs; he was, as he wanted to be, the poorest of them all. Shod in crude sandals, he invariably wore a spotted and much-mended robe of rough white sailcloth bearing the insignia of the Sacred Heart surmounted by a cross. His food, year after year, was the same: a miserable mash of dried dates, crushed millet and barley grain, over which he would spend more time in prayer than it took him to eat it. For shelter he had nothing but a mud hut, twenty feet long and only six in width, made into two rooms—a chapel with a rough plank serving as an altar, and his combination office-bedroom.

None was more impressed by this strange holy man than the chief of the Tuaregs, Moussa ag Amastane. One day he expressed the wish to visit France, and the Père arranged the trip.

Moussa saw the great cities of France, he saw the rich fields of grain, the wide rivers that never ran dry. But nothing struck him more forcibly than a visit—as honored guest—to the splendid estate of the Père’s sister and brother-in-law. The chief wrote to his friend in the desert with wonder mixed with indignation: “I have seen your family’s houses, I have seen their gardens. And always I think of you, at Tamanrasset, the poorest of the poor!”

He was adopted now by the Tuaregs, who called him with affection “Khouia Karlo” (Brother Charles). The Père had become the general factotum of the

oasis, checking over accounts for the leasing of caravan camels, directing irrigation improvements, ordering seed and salt and even such things as soap for the community.

The years, though, were beginning to weigh heavily on his shoulders. He was in his fifties now, prematurely old and shrunken. Total disregard for his health had resulted in scurvy, in heart and pulmonary troubles. But all these things he could have borne cheerfully if only there were someone at hand to take over his burden.

Once, the White Fathers in Algiers had sent a young lay brother to assist him. But the newcomer wasn’t able to stand the harsh life, and within a short time returned to the north, seriously ill.

With the outbreak of war in Europe in 1914, Père Foucauld organized the defense of the southern Sahara against Libyan raiders acting under the orders of the German-allied Sultan of Turkey. So considerable was this lone priest’s role that, in 1916, the enemy dispatched a special expedition to capture him.

Arriving under cover of night, the raiders enlisted the services of a local traitor to trick the priest into unlocking the door of his hut. Dragged outside, he was forced to his knees and bound hand and foot. A few minutes later, a nervous, young guard placed his rifle behind the prisoner’s right ear and fired a single shot, killing him instantly.

Père Foucauld died believing his apostolate had been a miserable failure. He had made no true, lasting converts, attracted no disciples. Humble man that he was, he could not reckon the power that his example of self-sacrifice and penitential life would exert on others later on.

Today, he who had prayed so long for a single follower has nearly a thousand. Two religious orders founded in France within the last twenty-five years, the Petits Frères and the Petites Soeurs de Jésus, continue his work in the Sahara, and also in Europe, in the Americas, and in Africa. Always among the poorest of the poor, they preach the message of Christianity by the power of their example of brotherly love, by the simple life of work and prayer which was once that of Jesus of Nazareth.



“Holy Man”
he was to the
tribe of
Tuaregs

A foreign student studies America from the vantage point of family life



Stranger In Our Midst

A SIGN PICTURE STORY
PHOTOS BY JACQUES LOWE

Somehow, at Christmastime, we become more aware of the strangers among us. Who are they? Do we make room for them? Do we show them the kind of love inspired by the first Christmas? One of many newcomers is Renato Zanenga, 18, an international exchange student from Milan, Italy, brought to the U.S. for one year by N.C.W.C. Zanenga is living with Mr. and Mrs. Robert C. Noonan of Buffalo—who have eight children of their own—and is a senior at Canisius High School. The assured, studious young man, who plans to obtain a degree in economics, has experienced a Christian family warmth in the U.S. he never knew existed.

Treated as

Noonan re

With Noo



Treated as a member of the family, Zanenga is brought into a relaxed family conference. He calls Noonans "father, mother"



Noonan regards his hospitality as an apostolic action



With Noonan boys on lawn, Zanenga would rather swim

Zanenga in class: "I do not have well-defined artistic tendencies; I am interested in everything"





The cameraderie of Noonans' family life has been a revelation to Zanenga. They give him room and board; he earns his own pocket money



Agreement stipulates foreign student must join in the household work

Zanenga will dry dishes, not wash: "It's unmanly"



With baby Johnny, 2;
children range to 16



Making a date, he suffers heckling of young "sister"



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He speaks English, but had to revert to freshman grammar



Frustrated, he takes college philosophy in his spare time



Dino Fabris, philosophy teacher, has become his best friend

"Everybody has the wrong impression of America. There is not enough understanding in the world"

After only a few months, Renato Zanenga already feels that his stay in the U.S. will greatly influence the course of his life. The tying of this bond of international good will is, of course, the main reason behind the student exchange program. Only students who show promise of leadership in their countries are chosen. Adjustment to the U.S. has its difficulties, though. Zanenga wasn't accustomed to making his bed, thinks fathers here do not command their families with the unwavering authority of European males, feels education is too much geared to "passing an exam," considers TV largely a waste of time, is slightly surprised at the nonintellectual approach of most adults, yet is convinced the younger generation has a thirst for knowledge and the intellectual life.



He stays after chemistry class to ask extra questions of Jesuit instructor, constantly tries to relate theoretical, practical knowledge

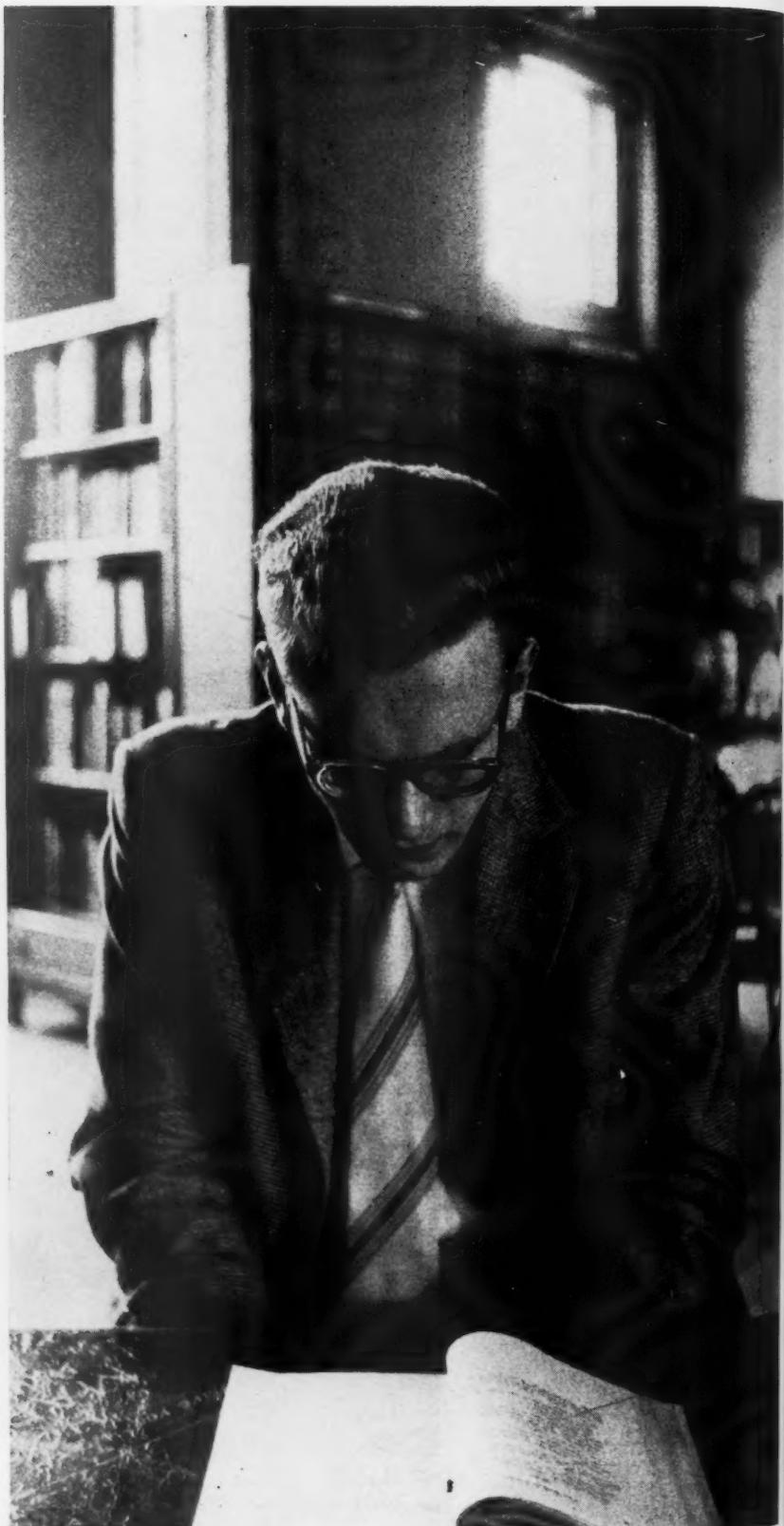
"18 is a difficult age. Parents have to stay calm"

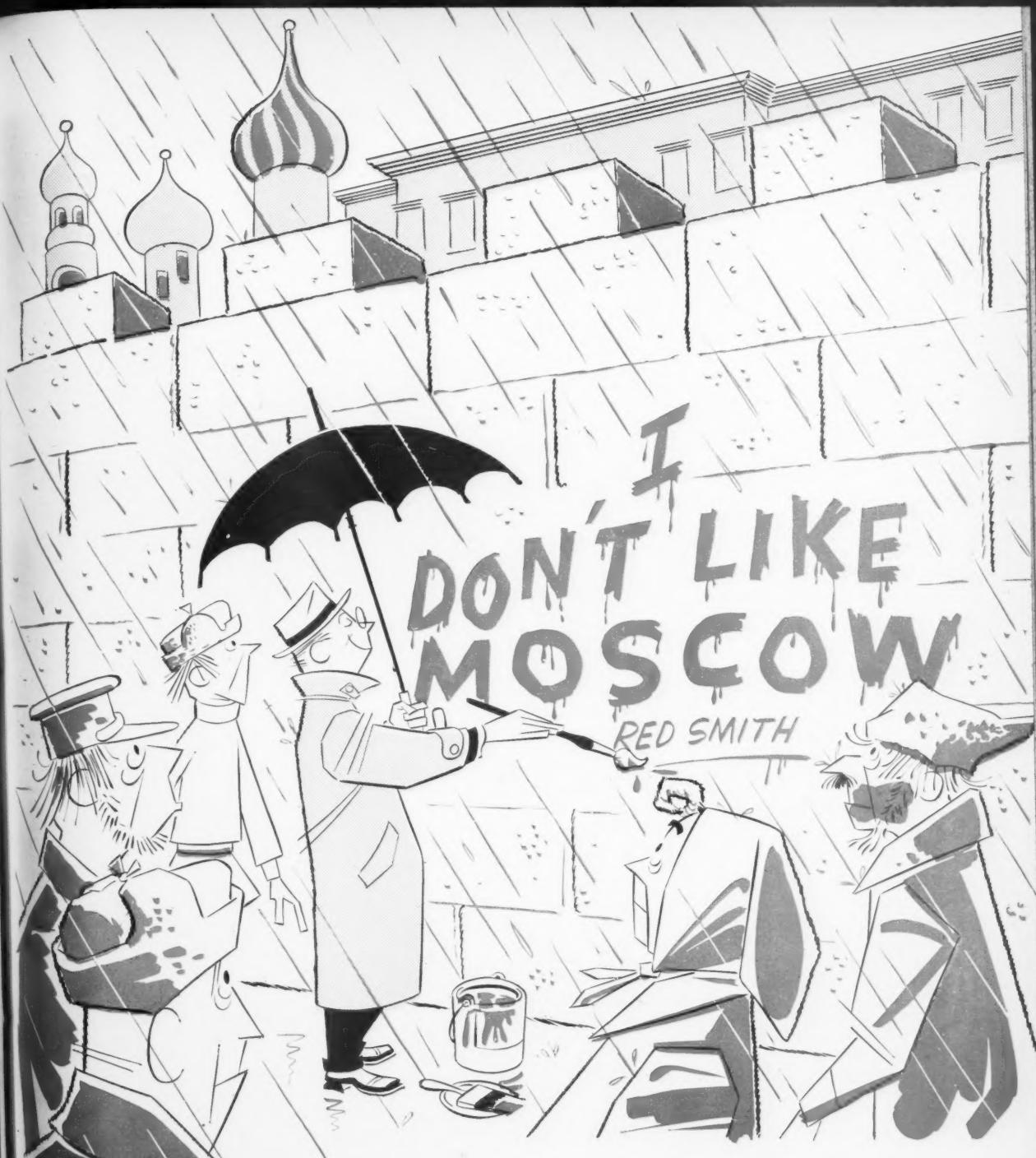
Recognizing that Zanenga is maturing fast, the Noonans treat him as a young adult. By now, they are experienced in helping foreign students (they've had a girl from Argentina and a boy from France). By their home life, Zanenga says, they have taught him that "religion is something to be lived." More U.S. parents can strengthen international Christianity by aiding more Zanengas.



He speaks in class as he will later speak out in Italy.

Beneficiary of a test in human relations, Zanenga avidly seeks more knowledge





THIS IS WRITTEN in Moscow on a Voskrysenya, which may sound like a Russian make of typewriter but isn't. Voskrysenya is the first day of the week and its literal translation is "Christ risen." Considering the official attitude here toward divine miracles, wouldn't you think they'd have changed the name long ago to Sunday or maybe *dimanche*?

I sit here in the huge, shabby Metropole Hotel and I am aware that I do not like this town and this surprises me a little, for I like most places I have seen. I like Rome and Stockholm and London

and Copenhagen and Princeton, N. J.; I like Chicago and New York and New Orleans and Dublin and St. Louis and San Francisco; I like Hong Kong and Honolulu and Havana and Quebec and Boston and Santiago, Chile. I've got nothing against Bangkok or Akron or Battle Creek, but I dislike Mockba, as the name is spelled on the big sign at the airport.

It is difficult to be sure how much of this feeling is disenchantment with the physical aspect of the city and how much is imagination or prejudice.

Everybody was nice to Red, but the horses were the nicest. They didn't watch him all the time

To begin with, there's the weather. A few days ago at home the autumn foliage was at its brightest, but here the trees are bare, and cold rain ceases only for snow flurries. The whole city seems to be crouched, bracing itself for the first impact of winter. We have not seen the sun. Not many cities would show to advantage in these circumstances, though mellow Paris can wear rain like a halo and showers seem to suit the gray antiquity of Brussels.

Moscow is a dingy city in spite of its wide avenues, in spite of the massive citadel of the Kremlin with its gilded onion-tops, in spite of the exuberantly colored, fluted domes of St. Basil's. The old Bolshoi Theater is a handsome building but closed now for repairs, with scaffolding across the colonnaded facade. There is the old riding academy of the czars, now a museum, a tremendous building as imposing in its way as the Chicago Merchandise Mart; there is the unfinished Palace of the Soviets, actual seat of the government; there is the tall white spire of the Leningradsky Hotel, which looks a little like the *Philadelphia Inquirer* building.

Virtually everything else is crumbling; and not from honorable antiquity. It is a Jerry-built slum, a new slum, built to be a slum. Everywhere vast housing developments are rising from the mud, of such cheap construction that deterioration sets in as they are completed. The building that houses the American Embassy is five years old. Constant work can't keep it in good repair. Except for government offices, there is not an office building in this city of more than 5,000,000; businessmen work in their one-room living quarters; firms such as air lines take a room in a hotel.

Moscow is, or seems to the visitor, a cheerless city. The most popular show in town draws thousands daily to the mausoleum of Lenin and Stalin. In the crowded restaurants, diners belt away busily at vodka—which is tasteless, and Russian beer—which unhappily is not—yet the stuff seldom moves them to laughter. The food ranges from dim to dismal.

We have not seen an attractive woman, though there must be some. The best-dressed men must have got their suits off those plain pipe racks and the savings effected through low overhead have been passed on (one can tell at a glance) to the customer.

"And are all these people blissfully

happy under the wing of Big Brother?" The question was put to an American whose work has kept him here several years.

"Ecstatically," he said, "when they're ordered to be."

All these are surface impressions gained in a few crowded days. Perhaps they are erroneous impressions which more time would correct. It is difficult to believe, however, that time would ever relieve the oppressive feeling of being unwelcome, of being watched all the time. That's where imagination comes into play, and perhaps prejudice.

How close and constant is the surveillance of visitors? All foreigners seem to take it for granted that their personal effects are searched regularly, that their living quarters are wired for sound, that the Intourist chauffeur and interpreter are parole officers assigned to watch them.

One hears about visitors who arrange various articles in a set pattern before they leave their rooms and invariably find this order disturbed when they return. I don't know. If the soiled shirts in my bag hold any fascination for snoopers, they're welcome to snoop and I haven't bothered to check.

The only incriminating article in my luggage is one of those Our Lady of the Highways statuettes that you see set up over the instrument panel of so many cars these days. My sister-in-law handed it to me while I was packing, because she's nervous about jet planes. She's sure the presence of the little figure in her car saved her a speeding ticket in New York recently.

Searching for a clean handkerchief, I thought the statuette was missing, and this raised some pleasant speculation. Had it been taken as evidence of some deviation on my part, or did some poor chambermaid regard it as a treasure too rare to be resisted in this land? Then I dug deeper for a fresh shirt and there it was, untouched.

All in all, it seems to me I'm complaining that I don't like this town and I haven't much to complain about. Certainly the few Russians we've met, Joe Cascarella and I, have been agreeable enough. No reason why they shouldn't be, in view of our mission.

Joseph T. Cascarella is a dark, dressy gent who used to pitch fairly well for the Philadelphia Athletics, Boston Red Sox, Washington Senators, and Cincinnati Reds. Even when his pitching flagged,

his fine tenor voice seldom weakened. On days when batters like Babe Ruth and Lou Gehrig drove him out of action early, he could be heard singing like a soapy choirboy in the showers.

In recent years, Joe Cascarella has operated as executive vice-president of Laurel Race Course, an enterprising cavalry post just off the Baltimore-Washington highway which runs an annual invitational race for horses from distant lands. This year Russia's Ministry of Agriculture accepted an invitation to enter a couple of colts, and Joe came bouncing over to attend to the details. I came along because I'm a sports writer and can conceive of no livelier diversion than to observe the chic Cascarella in Red Square, with his bowler hat and pleated shirts, his pinned-down collar and French cuffs, his faultless suitings and impeccable hair-do, giving double-talk to Ivan.

Well, we met the horses and the men. We stood to our guns like soldiers when Comrade Yevgeni Nikolayevich Dolmatov, director of the horse park called Moscow Hippodrome and top man in the group that would take the horses to Maryland, put us to the test-by-vodka at a luncheon that was just a relentless succession of toasts that had to be drunk to the last drop.

We talked with a little man who had bred and raised the Russian colts on a stud farm in the Ukraine. We consorted with a guy from *Pravda* who took us to a little bit of a horse show out on the edge of town. We called on the Deputy Minister of Agriculture and harassed the American Embassy for visas authorizing the Russians to take their horses to the United States.

Everybody was as agreeable as could be, and we didn't like the place at all.

Before this gets into print, the race will have been run at Laurel and the results will have been carried in the papers. Some time has passed since this piece was started, and we have left Mockba behind.

The day of departure brought the foulest weather of all, heavy snow, slush, many hours' delay at the airport. Two hours after takeoff, the plane was coming down in Copenhagen in bright, warm sunshine. Everything looked fresh and green and—here's where imagination takes over again—free.

There was a pretty girl aboard, an American, whose husband produces ice shows in Europe. They'd been in Moscow arranging to take their show to Russia next spring. Evidently they had enjoyed a courteous reception, and yet—

"Don't you just want to yell?" the girl said as we got off the plane. "Don't you want to dance and holler?"

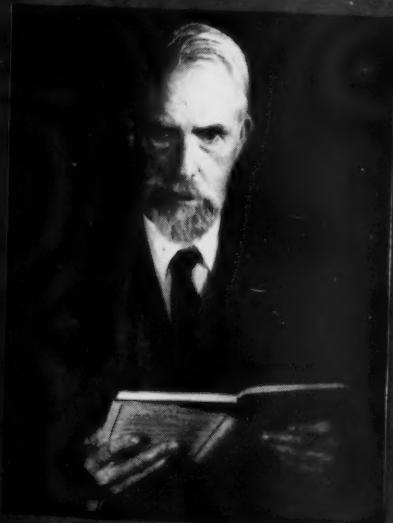






*A Sign
Exclusive*

Frank Sheed talks with Christopher Dawson



We listen in as two great minds of the twentieth century frankly discuss our civilization: Sheed, author, publisher, theologian, and lecturer; Dawson, historian and sociologist, who is more like a movement than a man.

INTRODUCTION

When the editor of THE SIGN asked me to interview Christopher Dawson, I was startled and puzzled. For in the first place, I had never interviewed anybody. And in the second, Christopher Dawson was not the ideal person for me to begin on. In the thirty years of our friendship, we have had hundreds of conversations (they have been a major part of my education); and it is a little difficult to interview a man with whom you have already discussed just about everything there is. Obviously I could not simply sit down beside him, notebook open and pencil sharpened, and say (as was once said to a friend of mine): "And what, Sir, are your principal views?"

My first instinct was to refuse. But you cannot refuse an editor, if he happens to be your friend. So I found myself in Budleigh Salterton, England. It is a small seaside resort in Devon, famous mainly as the home town of Sir Walter Raleigh. He also, like Christopher Dawson, set out from there to visit America. He it was who named Virginia (in honor of Queen Elizabeth). One can imagine that she and he must have had some hearty laughs over that! I found the Dawsons packing,

in preparation for his five-year professorship at Harvard in the newly founded Chair of Catholic Studies, which began this fall. My first shock was to discover that he was taking 2,700 books with him. I mentioned that Harvard had quite a library of its own. His only answer was, "Books are my tools." As a good carpenter, he needs a full kit of tools.

I got the impression that it was only by iron self-control that he got the number down so low. The house is crammed with books, thousands upon thousands of them, in every room, almost on every wall. But he can always go straight to the book he wants, almost to the page he wants. His reading is vast, his memory cavernous—but superbly filled.

I recall one tiny example of his memory. We were talking about Red Indian chiefs—Pontiac, King Philip, Chief Joseph. I remarked that in my school library there had been a book which I always meant to read and somehow didn't, called "When Valmont Came to Pontiac." He said "That was not the Indian chief, it was the place in Michigan." I could not have been more surprised if he had said it was the automobile! I have never

met anybody else who had ever heard of the book, or even of Valmont.

But to come back to my own problem, that of interviewing him. Clearly it could not be done in an hour or two. I spent the night in Budleigh Salterton. We talked in the afternoon, again in the evening, again the next morning. Occasionally, I scrawled notes of what he said. Again and again, he would return to some question I had asked him earlier, qualifying or adding to the answer he gave the first time. He sent on further qualifications by mail.

One final point. The reader must not think of some of the longer answers as pouring out of his mouth in one single jet. I have put them together from things he said in the afternoon or the evening or the morning or by mail. The one thing I remember as coming out instantly was the first part of his answer to my question about T. S. Eliot; the second part I received in a letter.

I have mentioned all these things because I should hate anyone to think that what follows is the work of a master-interviewer. My cards are on the table.

What do you read for entertainment?

Before the first War—French Catholic novels and Wells, Kipling, Belloc, and Chesterton. Between the wars, Russian novels both pre-and post-Revolutionary, and detective stories. After the second War, American novels and historical novels.

Why did you give up detective stories?

They reached their best between the two world wars. Since then they have changed. I think the decline in the detective novel is an index of the decline of civilization in the last fifty years. Half the pleasure of Sherlock Holmes comes from the Baker Street hansom cab background. So too with science fiction. The picture of the Surrey suburban life and countryside in the first third of *The War of the Worlds* is as good as anything Wells ever wrote.

How do you compare American detective stories and English?

I prefer the English. Too many of the Americans bring in sexual interest, in a quite unnecessary way. They make sex the spice on the jam. The crime should be spice enough.

Another English author, asked who is the greatest living American prose writer, is reported to have said Erle Stanley Gardner. Would you agree?

No. I don't read him much. And talking of sex as spice, Della Street is awful; though she is not the worst. Taking

American literature as a whole, I think Thoreau wrote the best prose. Herman Melville was as good, but only when he chose. I remember how much I enjoyed *White Jacket*.

Forgetting detective stories, how would you compare modern English and American novelists generally?

I'm inclined to think that American men—Thornton Wilder, Hemingway, and Faulkner—are ahead of English. But I think England has rather the better women novelists—it may be that English women have never lost the privilege of having started with Jane Austen. And she was followed by George Eliot, the Brontes, and Mrs. Gaskell.

You have just named three American men novelists. Would you like to name some English women?

Tennison Jesse, who died recently, Sylvia Townsend Warner, Rebecca West, Rose Macaulay, Naomi Mitchison, and H. M. Prescott. *The Man on a Donkey* is a great novel.

The Man on a Donkey reminds me of The Cypresses Believe in God. Have you read it?

Yes. I think it is good, but overpraised. The two novels are not really comparable. The beauty of *The Man on a Donkey* is its historicity and its recapture of sixteenth-century conversation. *The Cypresses* is a contemporary novel. I would, however, compare H. M. Prescott with Hope Muntz whose *Golden Warrior* is a remarkable re-creation of the past.

How long have you been devoted to the study of the relationship between religion and society?

I began it as an undergraduate at Oxford in 1907. I think it was the history of Iceland that started me on that line. I did not find much interest in the question in the university at the time. I just went my own way. St. Augustine's *City of God* affected me most powerfully. So did Harnack, a liberal Protestant, who never knew how much he contributed to the process of my conversion to the Church! He had never heard of me, of course, but I wonder if it ever occurred to him that he might have helped anyone along that particular road.

You joined the Church just after taking your degree. Who, besides Harnack, helped?

I was already an Anglo-Catholic before I went to Oxford. I had been brought up on the Oxford Movement. I was naturally much interested when Ronald Knox, still an Anglican, became Chaplain at Trinity College while I was there; but he did not help in my conversion. Some of the men at Pusey House, the center of Anglo-Catholic life in Oxford, did. From them I learned a great deal of theology and patristics. Catholics who helped were Edward Watkin, whom I had known as a boy and who joined the Church a couple of years before I did; and Father Burdett, then a Jesuit, through whom I came to know Stonyhurst.

Forty years ago sociologists frequently maintained that civilizations produced religion as a kind of by-product. Even then, you were insisting that religion created civilizations. Have you noted any significant change?

The tendency now is toward the view I have held all along. Durkheim influenced anthropologists in this direction, though his ideas of religion were rather odd; so did Weber and Troeltsch. That really great prehistorian, Gordon Childe, though he was so strongly Marxist in his own personal views, gave a big place to religion in his special field. Some of the most remarkable American anthropologists—Ruth Benedict, for example, and Robert Redfield—have seen the importance of religion for the study of culture.

In your book Understanding Europe you state that Western civilization can be saved only by a "common effort which cannot be limited to immediate political ends, but must involve a deeper process of cooperation based on common spiritual principles." What spiritual principles do you think America holds in common with Europe?

When you get down deep, there are no differences between American and European thought. Europe is the fountainhead whence America derives most of what it has—the belief in democracy, American idealism, and the philosophy of natural law; though America has made its own developments in all of these and has remained truer to the last of the three than Europe. Maritain has done much to bring European thought to America. Newman's thought, which had very little influence in America in Newman's own time, is now fully realized there. At the same time there has been a great Protestant recovery of theology in Europe, headed by such men as Karl Barth, Reinhold Niebuhr and Paul Tillich have made this theological development widely known in America—in fact Tillich is a sort of Protestant Maritain!

What American writers do you consider chiefly representative of the cultural traditions of Western civilization?

The great New England writers of a hundred years ago. Emerson and Thoreau especially; Melville was quite extraordinarily traditional. In our own days, Thornton Wilder (his *George Brush* is one of the great spiritual figures). Edith Wharton, Robert Frost, and, of course, T. S. Eliot.

But Eliot is now an Englishman—

England could not have produced him. It was not England that produced Henry James either; like T. S. Eliot, he became a British citizen.

What American leaders seem to you most truly representative of Western traditions?

The name of Robert E. Lee springs to my mind instantly. He was a genuine Christian and a splendid example of the way Americans kept the higher traditions of Western civilization. Abraham Lincoln, of course, was the great spiritual leader of America, but it would not be fair to put him as an influence from Europe or anywhere else; he was too totally American. No one has ever represented both the America and Europe of his own day better than Thomas Jefferson. Europe, at the time of the Enlightenment, would have been delighted to claim him as its own. No one represents the Liberal ideal at its height better than he.

Is there any American President you would have been happy to see as Prime Minister of England?

The two positions are so totally different that I cannot at a moment's notice transfer the holder of one of them to the other. The President is a democratic monarch; the Prime Minister, the Chairman of a Committee. George Washington, perhaps, could have been Prime Minister of England with complete ease, but then he had grown to maturity as a British subject! Mark Twain could have written a fantasy on Lord Melbourne and Andrew Jackson exchanging their offices.

Do you note the emergence of any significantly great writers in America today?

There has been a great raising of the level of writing without producing any real leader. The general standard of American poetry is very high indeed, yet I cannot feel that it has produced a great poet by world standards. Whether there is such a world figure among American novelists, I should not care to say. But the American novel is having great influence upon the world—Hemingway's, for instance, and Faulkner's.

In your book The Modern Dilemma you say that true democracy is based on the aristocracy of the individual. Do you think that in America there is sufficiently high regard for the dignity of the person to offset dangers of mass culture?

That is a problem of the whole modern world, not confined to the United States. America is as alive to the dangers as we; we are as subject to the dangers as America. Insofar as these dangers are increased by technology, America, being further advanced technologically, is in greater danger. But it still has the resources to produce new initiatives. We are very much under the heel of events; America less so.

In Understanding Europe you say that "American religion has lost its supernatural certitude and American philosophy has lost its rational certitude. What survives is a vague moral idealism and a vague rational optimism." You wrote

that before 1950. Would you revise that judgment in view of the so-called religious revival in America?

There has, as I have already said, been a revival of awareness of the great theological issues, but there is not much evidence that it has reached the church-going mass. There has been a most notable increase in the numbers of church-goers, but all inquiries seem to suggest that the motives in those cases are not strictly religious, but rather a generous desire to work together with fellow Christians for the betterment of human conditions generally. The accent seems to be on what Christ called the second commandment—Love thy neighbor as thyself—rather than on the first. Excellent as this is, there still is a great gap between it and religion as it always has been among men—participation in divine mysteries.

At least it is still that for Catholics, and there are thirty-five million of them in America. Don't you think that their enduring traditions in philosophy and their strong supernatural faith must have an effect upon American society?

We are up against the difficulty that, given the condition in which the parents and grandparents of so many American Catholics arrived in the country from Europe, there had, of necessity, to be a long period of building and re-building, with the accent on primary education. Thus, when you speak of enduring philosophical traditions, there are none such of an especially American character.

But they have the philosophical traditions of the Church?

Of course. But these can hardly be widespread or deeply rooted in the soil of American Catholicism. The great intellectual development is a new phenomenon. Nonetheless, given the vast numbers of American Catholics and the great energy they have as Americans, I should expect them to have had a great influence already. But we always seem to hear from America that Catholics are not having the effect they ought to have. This is not my own opinion; it is simply what I constantly hear from Americans. When I have been in the country a few years, I shall be in a better position to answer your question.

Do you see any signs of a Catholic revival in England?

People are joining the Church in considerable numbers. There is, of course, a falling away of Catholics themselves, and one has seen some rather gloomy figures. But we are building new churches all the time and filling them as fast as we build them. One of the notable phenomena of life in England is the very large attendance at Catholic churches—it kills any idea that people might have that the Catholic Church is on the way out in England. The eye is especially caught by conversions among the educated. One is constantly surprised to find so many Catholics in what I may call the *New Statesman* and B.B.C. world. There are more Catholic professors at Oxford than at any time since the Reformation. The recent conversions of Edith Sitwell and Siegfried Sassoon are an example of what I have in mind.

The editor of THE SIGN wants me to ask you three or four political questions. First, do you think the age of imperialism is on the way out historically?

The old type certainly is—the British Empire, for example. But the totalitarian type is most definitely not on the way out, as we see with China. Is modern nationalism itself not a form of imperialism?—such things as Indonesia claiming New Guinea and Egypt trying to take over the Lebanon?

You have placed great emphasis on the psychological factor in the creation of civilizations. Do you think Communism's psychological drive has spent its greatest force?

It does look as if Communism's drive in Europe is, for the moment at any rate, losing strength. But it is strong in Asia and Africa—these being not so much worried about Communism's assault upon individual freedoms and minority rights, since they have never experienced them. The psychological appeal of Communism to Asia and Africa is of extreme simplicity: it simply presents itself as the enemy of the older Imperialism.

Do you think the current Soviet drive for world empire will embrace Europe before it stops?

If it does embrace Europe, I do not see why it should stop, or how it could be stopped. If Russia held Europe and West Africa, America would be in an impossible position, with submarines operating from Ireland and missiles being hurled from Dakar. The frontiers of America are now on the Elbe and the Adriatic.

Do you think the civilization of the future will shift its axis Eastward?

I should need the gift of prophecy to answer that question. We cannot rule out the possibility that Communism might break down, or alternatively that it might transform itself into a static despotism of the older Asiatic type. But there is no doubt that the sheer weight of Asia and Africa is growing against that of the West.

Do you think the world can long endure as half slave and half free?

Without pausing to discuss the fitness of the two adjectives, I would say that there seems to be no reason—apart from the possibility of one destroying the other by violence—why they should not co-exist. East and West always have been totally different; but Persia managed to co-exist, not always peacefully of course, with the old Roman Empire, and Islam with Europe.

*In his book *Reflections on America*, Jacques Maritain declares that, in his opinion, if a new Christian civilization should ever come about in history, it will find its starting point on American soil. What is your opinion?*

Something new should come out of American Catholicism, not only because of its numbers and energy, but more profoundly because it is the one national Catholicism which has reached its maturity in this present age of our culture.

Do you see any present signs in American Catholicism of the emergence of this new thing?

As I have said, the American Church was concerned for a century or more with practical problems—principally how to keep afloat in an anti-Catholic society. Whether or not all American Catholics are satisfied with what has been done so far, there is no doubt whatever that there is a great intellectual awakening; it may not yet have produced outstanding individual figures, but it is a widespread general movement all the same. But, once more, remember that I have never been in America. I have studied the country from afar and have a clear picture of it in my own mind. But I have no doubt whatever that the experience of being here will mean a very considerable re-drawing of my mental picture.

STAGE and SCREEN

by JERRY COTTER



Kim Stanley, Eric Portman, and Helen Hayes in "A Touch of the Poet," last of Eugene O'Neill's full-length dramas

The Last O'Neill

A TOUCH OF THE POET, fifth in the projected eleven-play cycle planned by Eugene O'Neill, is the last of his full-length dramas. Though not one of his best works, it does have power and substance together with the tumultuous writing and strong viewpoint so characteristic of all O'Neill drama.

His intended cycle dealt with the failure of the American culture as O'Neill saw it. He was pessimistic, angry, and perhaps sad that the New World civilization fulfilled such a small bit of its initial promise. His cycle was to record 175 years in the life of one family, under the title *A Tale of the Possessors Self-Dispossessed*.

This episode deals with a transplanted Irish family living near Boston in 1828. The father, a boorish, boresome, drunken braggart, lives in the past when he was a Major with Wellington in Spain. His wife is a shabby drudge, tired, loyal, bewildered, yet with an inbred dignity and compassion which shines through. Their daughter, proud and scornful of her father, is determined to marry the son of a wealthy merchant.

The eventual destruction of the tyrannical Major comes in a scene of tremendous power, and in the hands of Eric Portman, it becomes an affecting moment. Though not always easy to understand, Portman's interpretation is splendid. As the fumbling, untidy wife, Helen Hayes offers one of her finest portrayals, while Kim Stanley is tempestuous and be-

lievable as the daughter. Betty Field, Tom Clancy, and the other supporting players are excellent.

O'Neill has written better plays than this, but few of our current playwrights can approach him for style and impact, or even love of the theater. His concern with what he saw as the flaws in the American pattern is ably presented, though one might wish that his acceptance of extramarital romance and his occasional anticlerical lines were less in evidence.

The New Plays

DRINK TO ME ONLY has a few laugh lines and some high-level capering by Tom Poston, but the mixture doesn't jell. The farcical doings revolve around the efforts of a defense attorney to win an acquittal after consuming two quarts of liquor. Despite scattered guffaws, this is a sleazy concoction which never measures up to Poston's hilarious performance.

The central idea of THE GIRLS IN 509 has merit, but the fun soon becomes labored and the satire tedious. Peggy Wood and Imogene Coca are cast as aunt and niece who have hibernated in a hotel room since FDR was elected in 1932. Staunch Republicans from the Hudson River Valley, they had "learned to hate the Roosevelts long before it was fashionable." Author Howard Teishman uses the situation for a tart commentary on the current political scene, the reliability of New York newspapers, and innumerable other

aspects of our current turmoil. Some of the dialogue is witty, much of it falls flat, and while the stars are industrious and able, they cannot salvage a dull script in which the polished gag is used as a veneer to mask an unattractive cynicism.

Samuel Taylor and Cornelia Otis Skinner have collaborated on a witty, literate, and sophisticated dramatization of his popular book **THE PLEASURE OF HIS COMPANY**. Harking back to an era when the comedy of manners reigned supreme in the legitimate theater, the authors, director Cyril Ritchard, and an exceptionally knowing cast have turned out a comic charade in which irony underlies the laughs and the humor is elegantly lethal. Occasionally the dialogue is overly blunt, and there is a placid acceptance of divorce and remarriage, which precludes an unreserved recommendation. The story line deals with the return of a middle-aged sybarite, home to marry off the daughter of his first wife. By comparison with this world-traveling, egotistical scoundrel, the daughter finds her fiance suddenly dull and uninteresting. From that point on, the play takes a downward curve, only partially salvaged by the superb performing of Miss Skinner, Ritchard, Charlie Ruggles, Walter Abel, George Peppard, and an especially attractive young newcomer, Dolores Hart.

ONCE MORE WITH FEELING spoofs the symphony world, its fanatics, financial supporters, and egomaniacs who wield batons. A lampoon often verging on bedlam, there are some genuinely funny moments as an insufferable maestro and estranged, harpist wife settle their complicated marital problems. Arlene Francis and Joseph Cotten handle these roles in acceptable farce style, but Walter Matthau gives the best performance as an uneasy manager. The basic situation is one which prevents a recommended rating, for it develops that the couple's marriage had been an extremely unofficial one all along.

That advance publicity is often unreliable was clearly demonstrated again with the presentation of **THE WORLD OF SUZIE WONG**, an elaborately dull antique, brought to Broadway with a phenomenal advance sale. This story of the golden-hearted Hong Kong prostitute and an aspiring young American painter is pure hokum, and amateurish in the bargain. Based on a best-seller, it is static in almost every production department, though there are a few impressive sets by Jo Mielziner. To compound the errors, the basic moral problems have been treated without regard for standards or taste.

All that is **GOLDLILOCKS** does not glitter, but there is a sufficient number of plus factors to guarantee the musical comedy fan a most enjoyable time. The Kerrs, Jean and Walter, are satirizing the silent movies and their makers, a task they approach with relish, wit, and a strong sense of the ludicrous. Truthfully, their book has some tedious stretches, and the staging is less than effective in many places, but the credits outweigh the weak spots. High on the list of assets is Don Ameche, who brings style and spirit to the role of a 1913 producer. Elaine Stritch, Pat Stanley, Russell Nype, a singable Leroy Anderson score, and the lavish decor of the show add much to the production. A major plus is the generally wholesome, adult level of the humor, which should prove a strong lure for the average playgoer in search of a pleasant evening in the theater.

Song-and-dance number from the Jean and Walter Kerr musical comedy, "Goldilocks"

Reviews in Brief

PARTY GIRL returns to the Chicago of the gang wars, the slick courtroom tricksters, and the conventional mob czar who places no limit on brutality to achieve his goals. Robert Taylor, departing from type, appears as a crippled gang lawyer, front man for a criminal empire whenever the law becomes interested. The setting, characters, and theme are on the sleazy side, though some scenes do generate excitement in the familiar gangster movie pattern. (M-G-M)

John Van Druten's **BELL, BOOK AND CANDLE** is a tongue-in-cheek fantasy about a book publisher who falls in love with a beautiful witch. In due course, she transfers over to human form with the aid of a potion, a Siamese cat, and the blossoming of true love. James Stewart and Kim Novak are the bewitched pair, assisted by such zanies as Hermione Gingold, Elsa Lanchester, Jack Lemmon, and Ernie Kovacs. The fun and the romance are on the adult side. (Columbia)

Visual effects highlight **THE 7th VOYAGE OF SINBAD**, a fantastic foray into the realm of the Cyclops, the Roc, and the magic lamp. The principal attraction is the introduction of Dynamation, a process which proves serviceable in dealing with the tricky demands of this type of dragon lore. Of the story and players, perhaps the less said the better. The cast includes Kerwin Mathews, Kathryn Grant, Richard Eyer, and Torin Thatcher. (Columbia)

THE YOUNG LAND is an interesting historical drama set in the newly acquired California territory immediately after the Mexican War. Still under military law, the area was a magnet for villains and renegades of every stripe and design. One of the younger desperadoes murders a Mexican after goading him into a fight. His arrest and trial for murder is a test of the justice Californians hoped to find under United States law. Story, acting, and photography are above



average, with Pat Wayne, Dennis Hopper, and Dan O'Herlihy outstanding in the cast. An absorbing tale, this should find special favor with young audiences. (Columbia)

THE ROOTS OF HEAVEN is often fascinating, occasionally complex, and ultimately confusing in its presentation of the Romain Gary novel. The setting is Africa where a band of zealots is dedicated to the idea that elephant hunting should be outlawed. A motley and incredible collection of frustrated individuals, they act out this involved allegorical charade against an extravagant, pictorially vivid backdrop of French Equatorial Africa. The symbolism of the plot suffocates under the shimmering heat, but the few dramatic highpoints are in sharp contrast. The acting is generally good, with Trevor Howard, Eddie Albert, Errol Flynn, Paul Lukas, Orson Welles, and Juliette Greco in the leads. The climax, indeed the purpose, of the story is vague, and the tenor of the theme restricts this to adult audiences. (20th Century-Fox)

Strikingly effective portrayals by Jean Simmons and Dan O'Herlihy light up the sky in **HOME BEFORE DARK**, an otherwise somber study of a mind on the verge of disintegration. Leaning heavily on soap-opera techniques, the film tells of a woman's fight to regain her sanity after a mental breakdown. Her husband is depicted as a weak, unco-operative college professor who has abandoned even the pretense of loving his wife. His attitude is slowly driving her back to the abyss of insanity. While the story does have some powerful moments and the acting is brilliant, the acceptance of divorce and remarriage as the solution is a regrettable and unsatisfactory compromise. It mars an otherwise excellent theme. In addition to the splendid miming of the stars, Rhonda Fleming, Steve Dunne, Efrem Zimbalist, Mabel Albertson, and Joan Weldon offer intelligently conceived characterizations. (Warner Bros.)

TORPEDO RUN is a first-rate submarine drama starring Glenn Ford and Ernest Borgnine. There is considerable suspense in the hide-and-seek action between an American sub and the flagship of the Japanese fleet, the "Shinaru." Ford is determined that his sub will be the one to sink the enemy ship—even, and this is an incredible note, when he learns that it is carrying American war prisoners including his own wife and child. The action and the photography add much to the effectiveness of the underwater thriller. (M-G-M)

A pertinent comparison is drawn between the brainwashing of the Red aggressors in Korea and the more subtle brand of indoctrination beguiling a peacetime public in **THE FEAR-MAKERS**. It is the story of a high-pressure public relations drive designed to influence Congress to halt nuclear testing. The theme and treatment are intelligently and aggressively anti-Communist, but one wonders why the villain is named Jim McGinnis. Hollywood's foremost opponent of Red influence in motion pictures, now deceased, bore that name. Aside from this unfortunate slip, the film is forthright, honest, and intriguing melodrama. (United Artists)

Playguide

FOR THE FAMILY:

Sunrise at Campobello; The Music Man; (On Tour) Ice Capades

FOR ADULTS:

Bells are Ringing; My Fair Lady; Romanoff and Juliet; Say Darling; A Touch of the Poet; Goldilocks; Ballad of Baby Doe; French Theater Populaire; Blood Wedding; The Boy Friend; The Crucible; The Playboy of the Western World; The Girls in 509; The Family Reunion; The Pleasure of His Company

PARTLY OBJECTIONABLE:

Once More, with Feeling; Jamaica; Look Homeward, Angel; The Visit; The Dark at the Top of the Stairs

COMPLETELY OBJECTIONABLE:

*Make a Million; Look Back in Anger; Two for the Seesaw; West Side Story; The World of Suzie Wong; Three-Penny Opera; Deathwatch; The Marriage-Go-Round
(On Tour) Auntie Mame; Candide*



Ernest Borgnine and Glenn Ford in "Torpedo Run," action-filled story of submarine warfare



Dana Andrews discovers that his employers are engaged in undercover political activities in "The Fearmakers"



Did his arrow ever leave her heart?



TRAVELER in the STORM

by Frank P. Jay

That was their special place to play when they were children, Walter and Louise. Away off across the broken back of the granite ridge where the old path drops down through the fern-filled ledges was where Anna and I would find them usually, playing seriously and quietly like the good children they always were. Anna Running Horse was Walter's mother.

The new road comes in from the other way and it's longer, but the grade is better for cars and whatever horses may still use it. The old road is only a path now, overgrown with tag alders and blackberry bushes. And back here at the house you can still see the big ship's bell hanging under the sugar maple beside the woodshed. That's the bell Beekman's grandfather hung there to ring when people would be coming up the river road in a snowstorm. A man coming up along that road in a blizzard could always try to make it to our clearing down at the foot of the mountain where the brook beside the path comes tumbling down to the river. They still call the still waters there "Oxhorn Eddy," because of the big oxhorn we always kept hanging on a leather thong from a beech tree branch at the mouth of the brook.

If the traveler in the storm could make it to the brook, he could blow the horn. We called it the "lost man's horn," and as soon as we'd hear that deep, clear baying, we'd keep ringing the bell and we wouldn't stop while there was a man alive until the traveler was in sight. The winter was a dreadful time then and the snow was its wildest weapon.

Winter was the enemy we were always

fighting in those days. We don't need the horn and the bell at all now, but we keep them there just the same. You never know. People don't fear the winter much now, with the fuel oil furnaces and snowplows and electricity. But I often catch Beekman, my husband, staring at the November skies. Then in a day or so I find a blizzard guide wire rigged between the horse barn and the woodshed door and I have to smile to realize that I'm not the only one to remember winter.

Walter has always been like our own son. We even had our own nickname for him. When she was teasing him, Louise used to call him "Waterbarrel." That was always good for a smile, even through the tears of childhood.

The Barrels are our nearest neighbors, three miles up the road. Anna Running Horse helped me when Louise was born, and a year later I was able to help her when Walter came.

Sometimes I look out across the June fields blowing deep in daisies and timothy and devil's paintbrush, and I can almost see Anna and Walter coming to visit with their woven baskets full of wild strawberries, and the wind tumbling Walter's long black hair over his proud little face, for all the world like a bleded colt in a spring pasture.

Now that the children are grown, I have time and I daydream, I'm afraid, and think about those days a lot. I think about Anna when Walter was seven and that awful night with a fine, hard snow whipping the windows, when Walter came shivering in his cotton

She was like a mother and playmate and guardian angel to him

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY KIDDER

shirt and moccasins to get us for his mother. Poor Anna! Poor, wild thing. She'd gone, mortally sick and taken leave of her senses, into the forest and the storm to die. I said then:

"Waterbarrel, you get right in here and get warm by the fire, Louise! Get some brandy and hot tea. This boy is almost frozen through!" And he was, but he had to smile.

Walter wouldn't come to live with us afterward even though he was welcome, God knows. He stayed up there and lived in the Barrel's rambling, old shack of a house in the pines. Joe, his father, came home when he could, but working with the timber cruising crews as he did, he had to be away much of the time.

Well, Louise looked after Walter. She was like a mother and playmate and guardian angel to him. She was a tall girl, growing up, strong and fair. He was a little fellow at first but she was a year older. He towers over her now. Like his father. Lean and tall.

Those were happy times. They had a wild black colt called Crow, and they rode that ugly beast tandem all over the countryside. Funny the things you remember. I remember how they told of riding clear in to Humphrey Brook one day to fish and stopped halfway in to the dam to drink at a spring. While they were resting, Walter baited up and went down the bank to try the splash-pool at the foot of a little falls. He described the worm sinking in the water, passing through a thin shaft of sunlit water and suddenly vanishing. And how he heaved, and how the fat trout flopped in the fallen leaves. Then, when Walter had told his story, Louise tilted the packbasket over triumphantly and all the beautiful big fish cascaded out among the wet fern leaves they had used to pack them in.

There are other things too. It all fits into a kind of pattern. I can see that now. Once Walter didn't come home when it got dark. Louise had gone up there with a pot of venison stew, and Joe hadn't seen him either. They came down here and got Beekman and all went off together with lights and guns, and half the night I heard, far off, the dull boom of the signal shots. The last shot came at two in the morning, and from then until dawn, when they returned, I prayed that they might find him. And they had. He was standing waist-deep in the Balm-of-Gilead-Pond, a bobcat-scratched fawn in his arms, and cat tracks in the snow on the shore.

I think of a thousand things. Of how they planted their garden and how their melons were frost-struck; and how Louise cried a little. I remember them skiing like ghosts in the moonlight

down over the ridge, across the meadow, and stopping in swirling clouds of bone-dry powder, their skis creaking and squeaking in the bitter snow.

Walter was too young for the war with the Germans when most of our people went into the Tenth or the Fourteenth Mountain Divisions as ski troopers. But he was just right for the one with the Chinese.

The other boys went into business with their fathers or to college or into the army. There was a rash of going-away parties and Louise was always invited. She rarely went though. I didn't realize then what ailed her.

We would have given a party for Walter but he never told us he was going. He never came near us but slipped away one night and enlisted and went away off there as a rifleman.

Nights when the snow fell, I thought of Walter and how he moved, quick and easy, like a shadow. God help him, and them all.

The following fall Louise went to college. She decided in September and just picked up and went. She wrote every week and came home when she could, but it was a dead place, believe me, without her.

At school, Louise met other boys. She wrote about them without much enthusiasm, but I thought, it's just a matter of time. Then I noticed one name appearing in her letters more and more often. Max was a Navy pilot. Louise went to dances with him. I guessed that he was a more or less permanent feature of her life after awhile, and I wondered how it would all work out.

It was always nice, when the holidays came, to have Louise back. And the summers were happy times too, because she would bring her girl friends up home here and they'd brighten the old place up awhile with their youth and their laughter. But Louise was quieter, it seemed to me. She was thinner.

It was during the Christmas holidays of her last year. She had come home and brought three pretty girls with her. After they had gone to sleep, tired from walking all over the farm with Beekman, Louise came and sat on the side of my bed. She asked of Walter. Did I ever hear from him? I told her yes, that I'd had a letter from Japan where he'd been evacuated after the long withdrawal from the Chosin Reservoirs to Hungnam Harbor. I told her of what Walter had written of that deadly winter, of his wounds, of his return to combat. I could see her face in the moonlight and there were tears in her eyes.

"Does he ever ask for me?"

"Yes. Always."

"Did you know his outfit is back from Japan?"

I didn't know, and I was surprised that she had followed the troop movements so closely, but I said nothing.

"They arrived in California ten days ago. Have you heard from Walter since then?"

I said I hadn't.

Louise was silent for a long time and I said nothing. Then she said:

"Max wants me to marry him." She laughed quietly. "Max is what all girls should want. He has everything. All the glamour in the world, with those wings and ribbons. He's an engineer in civilian life. A fine future. You've never seen him. He's handsome enough for three men. And he says he loves me."

Louise lay beside me like a little girl and together we watched the big stars swinging slowly over the black bulk of the northern sky. We talked softly of the happy times: of Walter and Crow and summers past. Then we were still a long while and listened to the drowsy, good-luck cricket behind the wood stove and watched the slow dance on the wall of the flame from the grate. Finally Louise said, in a miserable voice:

"I told Max I'd let him know by Commencement."

And then she fell asleep in my arms.

But things were to happen a lot earlier than June.

The next morning when Beekman came back from the barn he said it would snow. A storm was building, the first real one of the winter. There would be good skiing. That afternoon, Max arrived.

Max came, not on snowshoes in the way Beekman came back to me from the first war, nor even in a car. He came in the early afternoon with a swish and a roar over the house in a slim, silver airplane with skis on it that slapped and rattled over the black ice of our horse pond. He spun it around on the ice in the shadow of the mountain and brought it back.

He was a fine, tall boy with good eyes, blue as the steel in a hunting knife. We went out to meet him. He was pulling a fur-lined parka over his blond crew-cut as he got out of the plane. I thought to myself, "No wonder those girls look at Louise with envy." He was a serious young man with a fine, slow smile. He called Beekman "Sir." We both liked him. He was quiet about himself, but the rows of ribbons on his blouse spoke well for him. And, too, he loved Louise.

The young people all sat at the Christmas tree and talked of many things: of friends, and war, and of the future. Outside the gray snow clouds were filling the sky.

Then, among the easy laughter and

the Christmas cookies and the amber decanters of fire-reflecting wine, in front of us all, Max rose and walked straight to Louise. He said:

"This is my terminal leave. I've got new orders for overseas. Will you marry me before I go? We'll just have time for the banns." I think he knew even then what she would say.

Poor Louise. It would have been easy if she had hated him or if she had some real excuse for not wanting to marry Max. But she had none. He was as decent and as fine a man as a woman might want. She dropped her eyes and slowly shook her head. She took her hands away, turned, and walked to her room. Beekman was staring into the fire that rose and fell behind the shining andirons; the three girls were staring at Max; and I found myself thinking of a patch of frost-struck melons and my pretty girl crying.

Because he had to raise his airplane before the darkness, the girls and I packed things for Max to eat even though he wasn't hungry. It gave us something to look busy about.

I walked Max down alone to his airplane and there, where none of the others could see, I squeezed his hand and told him to go with God. I know he understood how it was with us all; how sorry I was for him. He will be all right. I'm glad that there are men like him left who do well and love the beautiful and the good.

He left just in time. With the evening the snow came. It came sighing fast against the casements and eddying around the ancient, twisted apple trees in the black and frozen orchard. It came faster and heavier and the wind's voice grew stronger. By seven o'clock high drifts had formed; by nine, all the roads for a hundred miles were blocked and the telephone wires were down. This was a bad one. Louise sat very quietly among her friends, and Joseph LeClaron's sad violin played slowly for us and we were still with our thoughts as the music touched us.

Really I heard it first. But I said nothing, because I thought that I was wrong or hearing things. It was so faint beneath the whistle of the storm that I hardly heard it at all. Like the voice of the dead heard in a dream, a sound not heard for half a century: it was the baying of the lost-man's horn!

Louise and I stared then at each other in the silent room where LeClaron sat like a statue, his bow poised soundlessly above the strings. Beekman, a little deaf, looked, frightened, from one to another and hadn't heard it yet. Then Louise, with a strangled shout, raced out into the snow. We dressed warmly and followed. She stood bareheaded swinging

MANIFESTATION

The crowned heads of the earth are kneeling
Before a crownless King;
The light of a strange star is stealing
Through chinks where cobwebs cling.

The little house is poor and lowly;
Its light is small and dim.
But, oh, it holds the "Holy, holy"
Theme of Seraphim!

The maiden Mother leaves her spinning,
(A thread so smooth and slight)
For He who was in the beginning
Begins a work tonight.

Three truly wise men, home returning
Along their secret ways,
Will be three torches brightly burning
To set the East ablaze.

And Mary, for her Son receiving
Myrrh, frankincense, and gold,
Sings in her humble heart, believing
The prophecies of old.

She gives the gold to Joseph, thinking
Of wrath and sudden flight
Before another sun goes sinking
To hide them safe in night.

The incense, sold, will be provision
In Egypt's pagan gloom.
The myrrh she hides with swift decision:
Oh, years away His tomb!

SISTER M. ALBERTINA, C.D.P.

the ancient bronze bell like a girl gone mad. I brought her boots and parka and LeClaron rang the bell while she put them on.

It was more than half an hour before we saw Louise go swiftly forward through the snow to meet the tall, storm-lost creature who came lurching toward us out of the night. We could just make out their figures becoming one out there beyond the perimeter of light. They stood so a long time. It had been a long time. There was a lifetime be-

hind them, but there was a lifetime ahead of them, too. There would be much snow ahead, but sunshine as well. And springtime and blossoms, and frosts, and falling leaves.

Then, as she brought him back to us at last there beneath the bell, I heard her say:

"Waterbarrel, you get right in here and get warm by the fire! Mama . . .," but she didn't have to tell me. I had Beekman's apple brandy ready and the tea heating on the stove.

WOMAN to WOMAN

by KATHERINE BURTON

Modern Herods

"FOR THEY ARE DEAD who sought the life of the Child"—so run the poignant words of Matthew. It was safe for His parents to take Him home again, but it was also sadly true that many small martyrs had died before that—"all male children of two years old and under" ran Herod's order.

Today all over the world is still heard the cry of Rachel uncomforted. Children are still being slain—holy innocents, since every child is holy and innocent. There are Herods still and perhaps more cruel ones. They do not kill with the sword, a more merciful death than that which confronts our children—for every child is ours.

In Bethlehem many children were not slain—sheltered, happy children with homes and food and love, as is true in all our country today. Yet, though love is important and though many of the world's neglected children do have the love of their mothers, that alone cannot keep them living. Instead they must see their babies cry from hunger through the endless days and perhaps starve to death. And today no one can plead ignorance of these facts, for the media of paper and voice are with us everywhere. And though to a high degree love is a matter for prayer and a high virtue, there comes a time when the praying hands should open and disclose bread.

A few months ago *Life* showed the picture of a little boy on Quemoy, his left hand bandaged, his right arm gone at the shoulder. He is one of our innocents, mutilated for life. A new Herod is shelling his home, dealing death. At least Bethlehem's murders were personal and important. This child was not important in the plans of men. Today's wars sometimes seem to be putting amendments on the moral law.

We tend to think of ancient centuries as cruel, of our own as enlightened and merciful. Sometimes one wonders. The organized and impervious cruelty of today ignores the individual. It is pagan in that the life of one does not matter.

Last summer the papers contained an article, evidently not top secret. Names were there, among them the chief chemical officer of the U.S. Army. It outlined new means of mass destruction or impairment, now that the hydrogen bomb danger demands this. We are working on gases, germs, and radiation which will kill or disable the enemy; we are working to produce such diseases as polio as a potential weapon or a plague could be made to take its tens of thousands.

Man-Made Plagues

THE BLACK PLAGUE was an accident, the result of lack of medical knowledge and sanitation. The modern man-made plague will be carefully worked out, we learn—with antidotes, of course, for the enemy may be designing plagues too. There are biologicals, we read, which can infect, kill, or deform living things: "there are selective killers; an aggressor can choose to wipe out humans, livestock, or crops, whichever is his ultimate objective." Then, too, this method is aimed at mass destruction of human beings with the "least possible damage to their environment"—perhaps the most heartless, most soulless, most pitiless sentence I have ever read.

Shall we turn now to a happier topic—that of the people who are helping and not destroying, who are on the field of battle to rebuild and not to exterminate, not modern Herods but other Christs. They are many too, and as Christmas draws near again—that time when according to history there was no actual warfare going on anywhere in the world—I want to write of one plan among many to help mothers and babies, the two groups who are both fact and symbol of the Feast. It is simple and extensive too. It is called the Madonna Plan by its sponsors, the Foreign Relief Committee of the N.C.C.W. Its request is modest: one dollar from as many as possible of the Catholic women of America—"in the name of Mary."

The small potential martyrs of the new Herods are the ones they hope to save—the millions of babies who otherwise will literally starve to death and the mothers who can give their children no milk, for they are starving themselves. But beside these stand the ranks of those who have come to help and among them are the religious—the selfless mothers of the heart, who have left home and all they know for the sake of these. Their hands know how to fold in prayer and often do, but, when they open them to give, it is we who must fill them with the means to provide it.

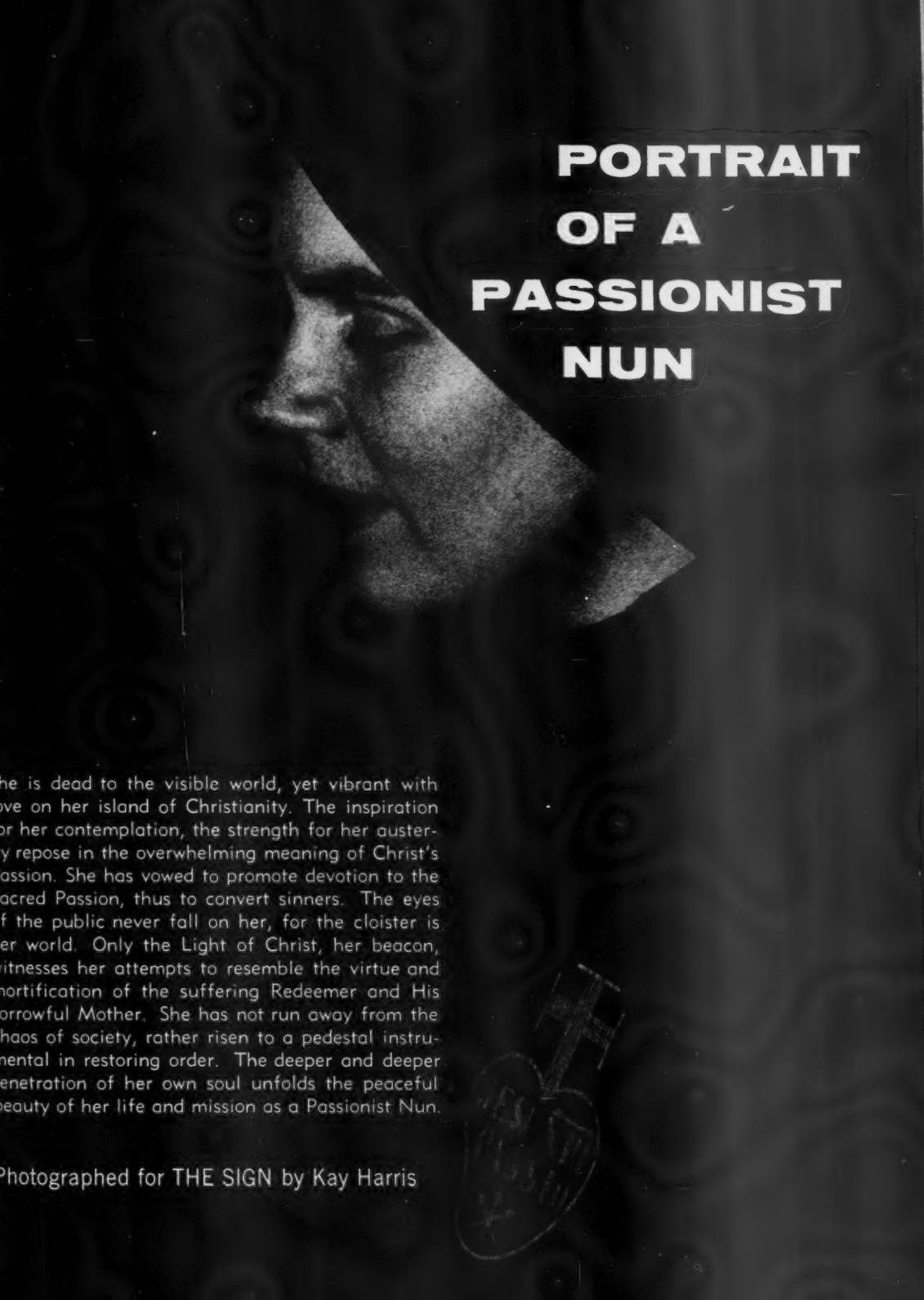
This Madonna Plan is especially an appeal to mothers (although it is hoped some fathers who read this may also slip in a buck). These bills will be used in many places—in Viet-Nam, where mothers and children have fled from the horrors of Communism in the north; in Okinawa, where religious ("blue-eyed American angels" the natives call them) came a few years ago to set up a mother and baby dispensary; in Puerto Rico and in Korea, where Maryknoll Sisters are striving to alleviate poverty and pain.

During the feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, her statue is carried through New York streets in procession. On it the crowds pin bills and they are piled high in her arms. So should we, in this protected, prosperous land, pile up our gifts for the use of these Sisters. The mother of Our Lord is the prototype of all mothers, and when you give to her you give it to the beloved of her Son's fold.

Memorial to Pope Pius XII

"SO MANY APPEALS COME TO ME. Without the aid of American Catholics I could not respond," said Pius XII to an audience of women from the United States. Now it is planned that the first money from the Madonna Plan will go to the Dispensary of St. Martha, a medical center for mothers and babies located in Vatican City itself. The Holy Father has gone to God, after a long and useful life aiding the hurt and sad and homeless of two world wars. Perhaps these single dollars could be a memorial to the Pope who knew how to expand the loaves to feed a multitude, a gift to mothers and babies in memory of a man who loved children.

To my readers a very happy and holy Christmas is my wish. I know it will be even happier if your Christmas greetings include one in the shape of a dollar bill—long and green in very truth, for it will go far and it will bring renewed hope to those who have nothing and who depend on those who have something. Send it to Margaret Mealey, Madonna Plan, 1312 Massachusetts Ave. N. W., Washington, D. C.



PORTRAIT OF A PASSIONIST NUN

She is dead to the visible world, yet vibrant with love on her island of Christianity. The inspiration for her contemplation, the strength for her austerity repose in the overwhelming meaning of Christ's Passion. She has vowed to promote devotion to the Sacred Passion, thus to convert sinners. The eyes of the public never fall on her, for the cloister is her world. Only the Light of Christ, her beacon, witnesses her attempts to resemble the virtue and mortification of the suffering Redeemer and His Sorrowful Mother. She has not run away from the chaos of society, rather risen to a pedestal instrumental in restoring order. The deeper and deeper penetration of her own soul unfolds the peaceful beauty of her life and mission as a Passionist Nun.

Photographed for THE SIGN by Kay Harris



A postulant, receiving her veil, momentarily wears a crown of thorns to remind her that henceforth the Passion will be her foremost thought



Day by day, the novices enter more fully into the balanced life of prayer, study, work, and recreation



Prostrated on chapel floor, newly professed nun is covered with a pall.

The ceremony symbolizes her death to the world

The memory of
Christ's suffering
and death for
man must be forged
into her heart

The little Congregation of Passionist Nuns (not to be confused with the Sisters of the Most Holy Cross and Passion, a teaching order) was founded by St. Paul of the Cross in Italy in 1770, some 50 years after the origin of the Passionist Fathers. Today, the order has 23 convents and 500 professed Nuns. Five of the convents are located in the U.S. (in Pennsylvania, Kentucky, and Missouri). The pictures on these pages were taken at St. Gabriel's Convent, Scranton, Pa.

The Passionist Nuns conduct retreat houses as an apostolic work. In their convents, they are occupied with art work, making vestments, and baking altar breads. The concentration of their day, however, is given to chanting Divine Office and meditation. Altogether, five hours of every twenty-four are spent on these enrichening spiritual activities.

Every Friday, the nuns draw lots to decide who will visit the Blessed Sacrament thirty-three times during the day to offer prayers of reparation, often with arms outstretched



Singing raises up the heart. The well-trained Passionist choir often sings traditional Gregorian chant and classic polyphony





Sandals worn by the Passionists are made in their own shop. Their beds are hard, food plain, clothes rough

In unity with her Sisters, she
finds unity in Christ
and so doing lives a life of exalted
love, peace, and happiness



The nuns are able to use the handicraft talents brought to convent

Rising at 2 A.M. for Matins and Lauds, long periods of fasting with more attention to be paid in the refectory to spiritual reading than food, penances willingly sought—this is the life which attracts the Passionist Nun. Even in regular periods of recreation, the presence of Christ must not be forgotten. She is enjoined to be cheerful, agreeable, and prudent and to avoid anything which might injure fraternal charity and union.



Even in recreation, their time is usefully employed. Nuns may converse only during this period

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Nuns have vowed enclosure, may receive visitors only three times a year, must speak through a grill

To stand daily at the foot of the Cross is the Passionist Nun's precious duty. Garbed in a coarse, black habit with the sign of Christ's Passion, *Jesu Xpi Passio*, attached, and with the rosary of Our Lady strung from a leather belt, the nun implores Divine assistance for the work of the Church. Poverty and obscurity are her mantle. Beyond the convent walls, the world rushes by, but inside are dedicated women who remember the Calvary which opened Heaven.



The serenity of the Passionists is clearly apparent as they stroll prayerfully through garden

Radiance in a tool shed is a rare sight. Yet nuns' love of God is so complete that it shines in humblest duties





*The boy looked about the bare cell. "Where is Christmas?"
Fr. Angel smiled. "Here. Everywhere."*

CHRISTMAS FOR FATHER ANGEL



Christmas, for some obscure reason which Father Gabriel des Anges seemed too tired to seek out and explore, was very far away this year. He had moved as expectantly as always through the holy season of Advent; his prayers had risen about his sparse, white tonsure like a familiar fragrance. And yet, closer than that, any real sense of Christmas had refused to come.

Father Gabriel des Anges grew more troubled as the Advent season drew to a close. Perhaps, he told himself, one should expect the lights to dim for old eyes, the heavenly voices to fade away when one is old. "When I am old . . ." he would muse, nodding into the easy slumber of his eighty-eight years. And then, somewhere in the moment between consciousness and dreams, he would visit, although he stubbornly set his mind against it as unworthy, the Christmases of his childhood; his knotted, old fingers would clip a thousand tiny candles to a score of fragrant and phantom trees, his

**A young boy and an old
man meet on Christmas
Eve. And both learn
something about the
meaning of Christmas**

by FAITH PRIOR

ILLUSTRATED BY AMOS SEWELL

palms would test the heavy globes of a forgotten mountain of rare and golden oranges. And sometimes, for the brief instant of waking to the stern reality of his pallet and the cold silence of the cloister, a tear or two would creep slowly down the ancient cheek of Father Gabriel des Anges. To be a child again. . . .

He would wake slowly to his own world, to his Prayer Upon Rising, to the small sounds of his brother monks in their various cells, and he would know himself to be in his true earthly home. And yet he yearned, in the drifting and sometimes confused shadows of his heart, to go back.

His sleep was not deep on the Eve of Christmas and he stirred easily, waking often. He told his beads many times over, his fingers moving painfully in the unheated air, but he could summon neither sleep nor the old elation for the Eve of a most holy feast. Finally, he arose stiffly from his pallet and went to the narrow, high window of his cell.

A bright star shone in the eastern darkness, but how cold it was, how very far away; even while he studied it, it seemed suddenly obscured by distant mists. And then, close by, down the tracks to everywhere, a train whistled, recalling him to himself, to his duties.

He pulled on his thick woolen socks and rough shoes, sighing gently, and shook out the sleep-wrinkled folds of his habit. Now fully awake in the intense cold, he pulled the sides of his hood well down about his ears before going out into the courtyard. The deepest time of the night, he thought.

He had always loved this time best, this first waking to a new episode of praise. Now that he could no longer work in the orchards and fields in the summer or share in the heavy toils of winter, his duties were that of gatekeeper. From his cell nearest the iron grille, which was the only break in the cloister's great stone wall, he came each morning on rising. The gate itself would not be unlocked until much later, at daylight, but, by custom, the gatekeeper came and looked through the grille into the darkness of the world outside—for once, long ago in the mother country, it was said a man had come to the cloister gate on a bitter night, seeking shelter, and he had died as morning had come. So, at the end of this eve of Christmas, as upon every rising, Father Gabriel went to the gate.

A shadow of yellow light followed his swinging lantern across the drifts: his feet crunched in the snow and he stuffed one hand deep into the pocket of his cloak, yawning widely and emitting a great cloud of vapor which hung, frozen, in the air. A jangle of keys swung from his belt, clinking as he walked.

It was less than an hour past midnight. The deepest time of the night, he thought again. He peered out through the iron gate, his eyes turned upward to the cold, mist-shrouded star once more. How far even this. . . . He turned away.

"Hey!"

It was a very small voice, from beyond and below the grille. Father Gabriel des Anges stopped in mid-turn, then lifted his lantern to peer out once more.

"Hey," said the small voice again. "I'm down here."

In the circle of lantern light stood a very small boy in a zipped snowsuit, his feet planted wide apart in the snow. His cheeks were very red and his eyes bright with recent sleep.

"I'm cold," he said. "And I need a handkerchief."

The frosted lock screeched as the key turned, and the gate swung wide. There was no one else in the wide, white road, no one at all. The child walked firmly inside, and the gate closed behind him; he stretched up a small mitten hand confidently, and together they trudged back to the monastery. I had forgotten, Father Gabriel des Anges smiled to himself, what a pleasant clink comes from the buckles on small, black overshoes.

Inside, the shuffle of many feet warned of the hour. Father Gabriel looked down at the small boy and frowned. Then the small boy looked back at him, smiled, and, with deliberation and evident satisfaction, wiped his nose on his sleeve. At this Father Gabriel hastily dug his own great, brown handkerchief from his pocket and offered it wordlessly.

The child looked puzzled. He expects me to ask him his name, how he came here, thought the monk. But this is the time of the Grand Silence. . . . Never before had Holy Rule left him unprepared for a single moment.

He lifted the child to the cot in his cell near the door, motioning for him to remain there. Then, hastily removing his cloak, he hurried down the corridor toward the murmur of Gregorian, muted by many doors. But he had not gone more than ten steps when he felt a tug at his tunic.

"I want to come, too," the boy said.

Once more he led him back to the cot, shook his head, laid his finger against his lips, and hurried away. This time when the boy, following his new friend of the darkness, pattered insistently behind, Father Gabriel des Anges dared hesitate no longer: he took the child by the hand and together they scurried toward the chapel.

Slipping in silently, they sat down on the narrow hard Bench of the Infirmary, next to old Father Nicolet, only survivor of the handful of monks who had come so long ago from their native France.

The chant rose in pure waves from the choir monks in their stalls, and the child looked with round and wondering eyes at the candles, the gold of the high altar, the long, brown, shadowy rows of the lay brothers in their places. But as the chant went on and on he nodded and then slept, cushioned against Father Nicolet's soft side. If the monk was surprised to find a small sleeping boy at Matins, he did not betray it by so much as a Gregorian semiquaver. And at the end of the Mass of Christmas, the two old men carried the child back to Father Gabriel's cell once more.

His own Mass and Office, the Martyrology and Holy Rule completed, Father Gabriel took his meager crustum of fresh bread and steaming black coffee. Then, the Grand Silence broken at last, he reported to the Father Abbot.

"And there was no one—no indication whence the boy came?" the Abbot asked.

"No, Father. No one. Nothing."

The Father Abbot stroked his neat, silver beard slowly. "Then we shall have to make inquiries. A child so young could not have come far alone." He reached for the telephone at his elbow. "Until some other arrangements are made he will be in your care. . . ."

How innocently—I had forgotten how innocently they sleep, thought Father Gabriel. He sat at the side of the cot, waiting for the boy to wake, but it was difficult to restrain himself from whispering, touching the child, perhaps, to waken him. A little flurry of excitement made him tremble, but it passed quickly, leaving Father Gabriel drowsy. He nodded, half sleeping, slipping unaware into the familiar dream of childhood once more. A homesickness in time and space overcame him. He was at the very threshold of a childhood Christmas when it began to slip away from him again, doors closing against a candle-lit tree, against familiar faces. . . .

He woke suddenly. The child was sitting up, looking about curiously.

"They said I would be at my grandma's when I woke up."

"Did they?"

The boy nodded solemnly. "And they said when I woke up it would be Christmas."

"They were right. It is Christmas."

The boy looked about the bare cell. "Where?" he asked. "Where is Christmas?"

Where indeed? echoed Father Gabriel. But he nodded reassuringly. "Here. Everywhere, all over the world. It's Christmas everywhere."

The boy shook his head slowly.

"At home, our Christmas always has a star at the very top. As high as I can see. Doesn't your Christmas have a star?"

Father Gabriel des Anges smiled wist-

fully. "No. Not any more. Christmas is not like that here"

The monastery kitchen was warm with the steam of the great cooking pots, the sweet hot smell of baking bread.

"My name is Johnny," the boy announced suddenly, banging his heels against the tall stool where he perched. A rim of foam clung to his upper lip when he raised it from the cup of milk. "What's yours?"

"Père Gabriel des Anges."

"That's a big word. What does it mean?"

"Father Gabriel of the Angels."

"Are you an angel?"

"Not nearly."

"But your name is an angel."

"Well, that's true, but"

"I'll call you Father Angel. That's easier to say"

He finished his milk and slipped from the stool. "Is it still Christmas?" he asked.

"Yes," Father Angel said. "It's still Christmas."

"But my mother promised I'd be at my grandma's for Christmas. She had to go to the hospital—all of a sudden—and my daddy telephoned Grandma and she said they'd be there when I got off the train and that it would be Christmas." He paused a moment. "And her Christmas has a star at the top too," he added accusingly.

How to tell a small boy that Christmas can come as well in silence and in prayer, without laughter and oranges . . . ? Without stars

They spent the morning visiting. They visited the stable and the piggery, and the newborn calves in the dairy barn. Brother Laurent took Johnny by the hand among the pheasants in their pens, and Brother Richard lifted him onto an enormous draft horse whose broad back shone like a polished table. But nowhere—nowhere at all did they find Christmas.

As they left the refectory after the midday meal the Abbot beckoned Father Angel aside.

"The authorities have the story," he said. "The boy's mother was rushed to the hospital yesterday and he was put on a train to go to his grandparents. The conductor was keeping an eye on him—he says he was sleeping soundly the last time he looked. Just down the road from here, they had a hot box and were stopped for a half-hour or so. Apparently the boy simply got off by himself and wandered away unseen by anyone. The police have been scouring the roads since they discovered he was missing. I have talked with the grandparents, and they are driving here to get him; they'll be here by evening. Will he be content until then, do you think?"

ETERNITY IS A RITUAL

*Eternity is a ritual
Under the lids
Of unsatisfied eyes.
Go fetch the chalice
From the hour
And the broken body
From the tower
Of malice. Time
Is a virtual
For desiring men
In broken shoes
Who stand
Who kneel
Who die by the hour
Blind and on fire
For time to repair
And time to share
The unsatisfied hour.*

—RICHARD M. KELLY

bright paper star for the very top. There were oranges and apples tied here and there and a flurry of cards from the Father Abbot's desk. Brother Richard brought sleigh bells from the stable and rang them merrily all the way from Father Angel's cell to the room where Christmas waited.

And there were gifts! A pot of paste and some colored papers. A new white handkerchief ("As big as my daddy's," Johnny said). A box of butternuts from Father Michel's storeroom, and a little picture of the Nativity, cut from a calendar. And up from the barns came the brother herdsman with the gift to climax all—a yellow kitten with an innocent face and sky-blue eyes.

Then, from the depths of the chest in his cell, Father Claude produced an old harmonica, and they played *Blindman's Buff* and *London Bridge*, and Johnny sang them a song about a snowman who ran away, and they applauded and laughed because it was Christmas and there was a child among them.

Then it was dark, and the chimes rang for vespers. Johnny sat once more between Father Nicolet and Father Angel, on the Bench of the Infirmary, but this time he did not sleep. He listened to the soaring notes of the choir monks, as he snuggled the sleeping kitten close; his eyes were bright as reflected candles, and it seemed to him that the voice of Father Angel sang out most joyously of all.

His grandparents waited in the Abbot's office. His grandmother brushed tears from her eyes, and his grandfather hugged him very hard. Then the Abbot and Father Angel held his gifts as he was snuggled into his snowsuit once more.

He took the Nativity picture first. "This," he told his grandmother solemnly, "is Christmas." He smiled at Father Angel, as though there were a special understanding between them. "This is Christmas. And see—it does have a star at the very top, too."

They walked to the front door together, and the Abbot carefully handed Johnny the yellow kitten. "Come again," he said. "Do not run away, but come again, little one."

Father Angel was the last to see them go.

He closed the iron gates behind them and turned the key slowly, watching through the grille until the car drove away into the darkness. Then he turned back to the open door of the monastery, but before he entered his eyes sought once more the early stars. As high as I can see Johnny had said. As high as I can see It seemed to Father Angel that a certain one in the East had never shone so brightly.

A side from a little more shouting and a few aftermath moves, it seems the quiz-show investigations are about to go the way of all such teapot-sized tempests.

Of course, many still insist the "scandals" finished the quizzers when, actually, they did little more than hurry the inevitable, as these shows provided their own "finishers" in low quality and high quantity.

Most had been marked for the scrap heap months ago, even the grand-daddy of the big giveaways, *The \$64,000 Question*, which had slowly been going downhill since the last half of the past season.

At this writing, it appears doomed and may soon be replaced by *Keep Talking*, or a similar light, bright entry, although it still has most of a 26-week contract to run.

At this writing also, plans are going ahead to replace the canceled *Twenty-One* with another Jack Barry-Dan Enright production, *Concentration*, the daytime NBC-TV strip that dispenses plenty of prizes but no money.

Barry will emcee the night-time version of the daytime series, probably in a late Thursday spot, proving the sponsor's and the network's confidence in him and that "we're replacing a program, not a personality."

But something definite and concrete has resulted from all this furor.

Secret Service Chief U. E. Baughman reports that overeager viewers of CBS-TV's *Top Dollar* have been tampering with U. S. dollar bills by pasting numbers mentioned on the program over the originals and even making pen-and-ink changes.

He warns that altering U. S. currency with intent to defraud is punishable by up to 15 years in prison and by fines up to \$5,000.

That's what is known as a take-away.

The TV Pot Boils

The TV pot has been boiling briskly in recent weeks but in a different way, as the turmoil that's normally on the surface has filtered down to other levels.

In Hollywood, influential movie-makers, encouraged by TV's decision to scrap plans to produce a two-hour version of *Ben Hur* in deference to MGM, which already has invested millions in the picture, strongly urged producers of Westerns to "take it easy." The movie-men contended—and they're still at it—that the many Westerns on TV are "killing" theater box-office pull for this type film and cited *The Big Country* and *Man of the West*, the latter with Gary Cooper, as outstanding current examples.

They'd like to see production of Westerns for TV halted altogether, of

course, but it won't be. MGM's attitude in the case of *Ben Hur* was reasonable; this one is not, although that won't deter the film moguls, who can be expected to exert every pressure within their power.

Collusion or Confusion?

In Washington, Rep. Joseph Holt charges the Defense Dept. "has gone beyond the intent of the law" in "co-operating" with TV and theatrical film producers in the way of military personnel and equipment—and will press for a Congressional investigation.

The fact that Holt is a Californian whose district takes in Hollywood and San Fernando Valley would leave him open to suspicion of applying pressure, except that he clearly includes feature film producers in his charges.

This inclusion has left me no little confused.

At any rate, whether or not it's being cautious in view of Holt's charges and demands, the Navy has denied actor-producer Richard Ney co-operation on a tele-film series detailing the feats of nuclear-powered submarines. No official reasons for the denial were forthcoming, although it was unofficially said to be the possibility of security violations.

Next thing anybody knew, the Air Force promised full co-operation to producers of a series titled *Spaceman, U.S.A.*, and OK'd Willie Ley, prominent space authority and scientist, as technical adviser for the project.

So, just where are we?

Things To Come

Max Liebman, producer of the wonderful Sid Caesar-Imogene Coca *Show of Shows*, has returned to work on a TV version of *Don Quixote* now that the Michael Todd Co. has announced abandonment of the project. . . . Don't be surprised if Eddie Albert turns up as the star of a *Billy the Kid* filmed series. . . . Nor if Bob Sterling and Anne Jeffreys appear as co-stars of one tentatively titled *Favorite Son*. . . . National Tele-film Assoc. will serialize *High Noon*, to which they have rights to both title and music. . . . Debbie Reynolds to do a spectacular during the Christmas holidays. . . . *Playhouse 90* toppers are preparing a three-hour drama for early in 1960 titled *The Rise and Fall of Wilson Hunt*. It'll be the longest tele-play on record (in this country), if and when. . . . Test film on Keenan Wynn's starrer, *The Trouble Shooters*, is now being processed. Wynn portrays a construction-crew foreman. . . . And *Gentleman's Rogue* is the working title of Guy "Wild Bill" Hickok" Madison's new weekly filmed half-hour.

Radio

and

Television

by JOHN LESTER



ALI'S SECRET—Nehemiah Persoff confides the source of his newfound wealth to his greedy brother, Thomas Gomez, in Shirley Temple's *Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves*

One of the best new series to come to my attention is *Parade of Presidents*, a weekly, half-hour, filmed documentary that eventually will include all presidents from Washington to Eisenhower.

Now in production (Zouary TV Films), the series is nonpartisan and will contain highlights from the lives of each Chief Executive. Whenever possible, original film footage will be used, as in the case of Teddy Roosevelt leading his "Rough Riders," Woodrow Wilson during World War I, etc.

It appears to be excellent educational fare.

Treasure Island is being readied as a ninety-minute musical special for showing on CBS-TV in the spring. . . . Same network is blueprinting a *Count of Monte Cristo* series. . . . And it seems *Screen Gems* has signed Helen Traubel as the star of another, *Mother's the*



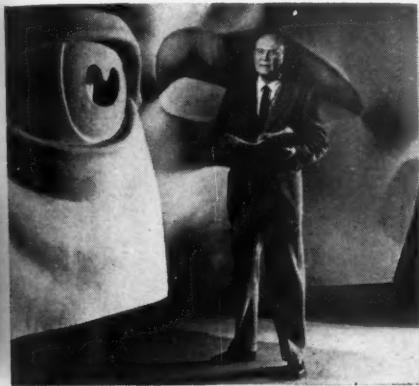
NEW ROLE—Art Carney (shown with Baird puppet) stars in Bill Baird's TV adaptation of Prokofiev's *Peter and the Wolf*



NEW WESTERN—George Montgomery aids Luana Patten and Kay Stewart, ladies in distress, on hour-long series, *Cimarron City*, only fair to date



VERDICT—After a lifetime with Gracie Allen, George Burns is going it alone on TV. *Consensus* is his new series is a hit



WHAT BIG EYES, ETC.—Dr. Frank Baxter, host of Bell System's science series, launched the current season with *Gateways to the Mind*, proving science can be fun as well as fascinating



OL' SIMULCAST GEORGE—Comic George Gobel, now on TV as well as radio, is showing signs of the laugh-getting form that zoomed his show to the top just a few seasons back, concentrating on character comedy and pantomime

Governor of Texas. . . Lou Costello plans to convert the long-running radio show *It Pays To Be Ignorant* to TV with himself as the star. . . The success of the British-made *Robin Hood* series in this country has encouraged production of *The Adventures of William Tell*, starring Conrad Phillips as the fourteenth-century Swiss archer-hero. It'll premiere here soon. . . *The Thoroughbreds* looks like a winner from where I sit. More about race horse training than racing, it revolves around a woman trainer, Linda Darnell, and a dare-devil jockey, Billy Pearson, the big-money quiz-winner. Six half-hour films are already complete and ABC-TV is ready to sign at almost any price.

Air Ad Crack-Down

Unknown to the general public, the Federal Trade Commission for several

months has been keeping a close watch on radio and TV advertising and has landed hard in quite a few instances.

As a case in point, the FTC recently ordered one of broadcasting's biggest advertisers, Liggett and Myers, to discontinue its claims that Chesterfields have no "adverse effect" on the nose and throat, etc. It also objected to claims that the cigarettes are "milder, soothing, and relaxing." The tobacco company argued it was merely reporting the results of a survey made by a reputable consulting and research firm, but in vain.

While this was going on, word got around that major distilleries were poised to invade radio and TV, undoubtedly due to the appearance on a Boston radio station of sales blurbs for a certain brand of vodka.

This report was quickly squelched by spokesmen for major distillers, however, who insisted the industry "has no plans

to go contrary to the code that prohibits advertising on radio and TV now, nor are any contemplated in the future."

"Any good distiller," it was pointed out, "never advocates drinking excessively, he only advocates the policy of moderation, for enjoyment and pleasure."

This is a highly commendable policy, if sincere, and I'm sure it is in some cases, although it's admitted within the industry that the main purpose of the code is to safeguard it against attacks by groups seeking prohibition legislation.

Once Over Lightly

Someone remarked it appears the networks actually "ganged up" on the nation's TV critics this year, threw more than 100 new programs at them, in addition to the usual returnees, within a six-week period.

It just happened that way, of course, but the revenge couldn't have been more effective had it been planned, since pillarists were snowed under and without hope of maintaining any kind of a schedule.

For my part, although still forty or more shows behind, I'll complain not, because a feast always is better than a famine, the extra work and inconvenience most welcome.

So, let's have at it.

Bing Crosby walloped the opposition with his first ABC-TV spectacular, a good show but not his best. He's almost certain to top it the next time. . . . Ginger Rogers scored individually on her first CBS-TV hour, but the show itself left much to be desired. The irrepressible Ginger can be depended on to remedy that situation too. . . . *The Garry Moore Show*, one of the most expensive new entries this season, is in trouble and needs much work and many changes. . . . ABC-TV seems to have two more solid entries in *The Rifleman*, with Chuck Connors, and *The Naked City*, which stresses eye-catching photography and rough-and-ready realism. Also good is that web's mystery series, *Sunset Strip*, but no matter what happens to this one, its star, Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., is on his way to the top.

Liberace, Hayes Disappoint

On the other hand, the Liberace, Peter Lind Hayes daytime strips on ABC-TV have been disappointing to date, far below par most of the time. Ditto *The Patti Page Show*. . . . Unfortunately, the new *Colonel Flack* series (syndicated), with Alan Mowbray and Frank Jenks, isn't as good as the original, in which this pair starred for Dumont several years ago. . . . Another syndicated program that promised much at the outset, *Tugboat Annie*, with Minerva Urecal in the title role, has turned out dreary, noisy, and badly in need of a tow. . . . *New York Confidential*, with a subdued Lee Tracy playing a crusading Manhattan columnist, got off to a slow start. But the material is there, so anything can happen and let's hope it does. . . . *Your Hit Parade*, now on CBS-TV Friday nights, co-starring Dorothy Collins and Johnny Desmond, just doesn't have the old spark and freshness this time around.

None Finer Than Dinah

Of all returnees, *The Dinah Shore Show* rates at the top. In fact, Dinah's Sunday hour may still be the best variety offering on TV. This talented girl presents performing gems with uncanny regularity, and her recent duetting with

Ella Fitzgerald on "Blues in the Night" was one of these. . . . *Huckleberry Hound*, which is said to be the first full-length cartoon produced expressly for TV, is another hit and has appeal for both young and old. Catch it if you can. . . . As for Jerry Lewis, he recently described TV critics as "caustic, rude, unkind, and sinister," about the way they summed up his last outing on NBC-TV. But Jerry, who hasn't been really funny since he split with Dean Martin, has raised about \$40,000,000 for the Muscular Dystrophy Foundation, and nobody can gainsay that. . . . The Desilu-CBS-TV production of *Bernadette* was beautiful, Pier Angeli splendid in the title role. . . . Milton Berle continues to improve each week but, alas, Jackie Gleason, for whom we're pulling just as hard, does not.

Court Rules For Jesuits

One of the bitterest—and dirtiest—battles in TV history was brought to an abrupt conclusion recently when the Appeals Court in Washington upheld by a 3-0 decision the FCC's award of New Orleans TV Channel 4 to Loyola U., of that city.

The award had been appealed by James A. Noe, a former governor of Louisiana, who'd also applied for the Channel, on the grounds that the Society of Jesus, which owns and operates Loyola U., is a foreign organization and under the direction of a foreign power—the Pope.

It's to the Court's distinct credit that it not only handed down a unanimous decision but, in the process, blasted Governor Noe's charges point by point and in complete detail. The Court also called attention to the fact that the Jesuits have owned and operated New Orleans radio station WWL, one of the oldest and most powerful stations in the country, for many years, that their record there is excellent and, in itself, sufficient precedent for the TV Channel award.

Of course, no one protests Governor Noe's right to submit his application along with that of Loyola U. or any other organization or individual. And right of appeal is only a fair extension of the original right—but not on those grounds. I'm sure the governor, as a well-informed man, was as thoroughly aware of the ridiculous nature of his charges as the Jesuit Fathers he opposed, but the appalling thing is he went ahead anyhow.

All other considerations aside, they hardly added up to good public relations for one of his most valuable properties, radio station WNOE in New Orleans, the second largest Catholic city

in America, which has earned him millions in "alien" money over the years.

I've always known Jimmy Noe as an astute, sometimes brilliant, but always practical businessman and politician, but he surely pulled a beaut this time, one I doubt—and I wish him no ill will—he'll ever be able to live down.

"They" Say

George Montgomery: "This may be Dinah's (his wife, Dinah Shore) last season. She works too hard. I'm about to put my foot down."

Dinah Shore (in reply): "I love to sing and, if I did quit, there'd be the problem of what to do with my time."

Alfred Hitchcock: "I abhor violence. There's too much of it on TV but *none* on my shows. We have murder, mayhem—yes—but always after-the-fact. We only suggest violence and the viewer's imagination does the rest."

In Brief

Ed Sullivan scored another scoop by signing Domenico Modugno, author and top deliverer of "Volare," to three more shows at \$4,000 each. The first takes place in December. . . . Paramount just sold another 1500 feature films to TV interests, but all are "silents". . . . Already the world's largest radio network with about 500 stations, Mutual is aiming at 1,000. . . . Fans of Sherry Jackson will be seeing less and less of her on *The Danny Thomas Show* from here on. Must devote more time to education. . . . Just for the record: The young Barrie Chase who made such a hit on Fred Astaire's dancing tele-debut was a chorine on Red Skelton's weekly half-hour for six years. . . . Ed Wynn who turned 72 Nov. 9 looks 52 but says he feels 32. . . . Bing Crosby and associates now have themselves a TV syndication firm and soon will put their first property, *Seven League Boots*, the West Coast hit, on the road. The Ol' Groaner just keeps rollin' along.

Bob Hope has another protégé, younger named Randy Sparks who, Hope feels, is "a great new singer." The comic discovered and helped Tony Bennett, don't forget. . . . New teen-age idol Dick Clark to make his first movie this summer. He's had a flock of offers to date but hasn't made up his mind. . . . Dave Garroway due to make more headlines any edition. . . . John *Restless Gun* Payne hospitalized briefly with a torn rib. Slipped in the shower, which just goes to show you. . . . *The Jazz Singer*, the Al Jolson starrer that launched "talkies" thirty-one years ago, released to TV.

New York's Welfare Department benefits from the ideals and ability of Aminda Wilkins, a Negro Catholic social worker

by IRENE KUHN

WELFARE'S AMINDA WILKINS



AMINDA WILKINS lives with her husband in an apartment in Jamaica, in the bustling Borough of Queens, across the East River from Manhattan. The attractive apartment is full of pictures and mementoes, fine old furniture, and good reproductions. It is in a group of two-story houses in a private housing development, surrounded by trees and gardens. Families of all nationalities and races, as well as transplanted Middle-Western Americans like the Wilkinses, live in the community.

The radio was on and the soft, low music yielded to a news broadcast. Mrs. Wilkins leaned over to turn it off, hesitated. The commentator was describing another incident in the effort to integrate Negro and white students in the Little Rock high school.

We listened. Then, as she snapped the radio off, Mrs. Wilkins said quietly: "This is one of the times I appreciate my religion; when I'm especially glad I'm a Catholic.

"Since I can't help having a great interest in segregation and desegregation, I am proud of the attitude of the Church.

"I never knew any segregation in St. Louis, when I was growing up. We lived in a German neighborhood—I was born there—and the church was a white church. But I never knew any difference. And only once did I hear of any.

"There was a handyman in the neighborhood, a very dark Negro, with a big family, all good Catholics. I recall when

his oldest little girl was preparing for her First Communion.

"One of the white children didn't want to march in church with her. Father Jones, the pastor—a saintly old man—was very stern. He said she'd walk to the altar with the little Negro girl or else he wouldn't let her make her First Communion.

"That's the only instance of prejudice I ever saw when I was growing up in Missouri."

That was a long time ago, more than forty years. Today, Aminda Wilkins is Secretary of New York's Department of Welfare, in charge of community relations, one of the top social service jobs in the country.

She is a fourth-generation American Negro Catholic. She is a beautiful woman, a remarkably young-looking fifty years of age, a career worker risen from the ranks. She has a soft, throaty voice, the innate, gentle courtesy of the Negro, a ready smile and an equally ready wit.

When she came into the Department in the depression, via civil service, she was just another one of several thousand employees—there are 8,000 of them today. She did her job so well, rising with quiet determination through merit and examinations, that her record was

exceptional. After Commissioner Henry L. McCarthy was appointed to the top job in 1950, he made a mental note to give her the first vacancy that arose in his "cabinet," his dozen deputies and aides, all professionally qualified people.

She was sworn in as Secretary in 1954, and there has seldom been an appointment to any city job which has been so enthusiastically endorsed by Department co-workers, city officials, the public, and the press.

Commissioner McCarthy took an hour from his busy day to talk warmly about "Minnie" Wilkins.

"Generally, she represents the community. She has a wonderful way of acquainting the staff with the thinking at top level, and then acquainting me with their thinking. She does a fine job of making people understand what we are trying to do in the Department. She has taken what used to be a letter-writing job and made it alive.

"In that respect alone, she has made much more of the job than any predecessor," he said. "Instead of waiting for the community to come to her, she reached out to it. She has made the welfare of needy families and individuals in New York City her business in a warm, human way. She has refused to treat their problems as merely a cold, municipal obligation."

Aminda Wilkins is a woman who devotes herself unobtrusively to good works not only in her public job but in private life as well.

IRENE CORBALLY KUHN, newspaper reporter and foreign correspondent, has written for the *American Mercury* and other magazines. She is the author of several books, including *Deadline Delayed* and *The Inside Story*.

But her private life is something she has little of, really. She has to share with strangers and acquaintances more of her leisure hours with her husband than most wives. Her husband is Roy Wilkins, the handsome, able, energetic Executive Secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, who, three years ago, was named unanimously by the Board of Directors to succeed the late Walter White.

The professional interests of Roy and Aminda Wilkins are bound up with the welfare of people and with the necessity for building and maintaining a strong bridge of understanding. Their own material achievements and exemplary private lives are the solid planks reaching across the abyss of prejudice, hatred, ignorance, and want.

A look at Aminda Wilkins' background reveals two great truths. One is spiritual, the other material. They have been repeated through the years. They can be reiterated. The first is that we are all one family, all children of God. The other is that America is still a land of opportunity for everyone.

Aminda Wilkins' great-grandparents on her mother's side were Miss Mordecai, the daughter of Jewish settlers in Virginia, and a mulatto boy owned by the family. Their son, Samuel Mordecai, was reared in the Jewish faith, but he became a Catholic when he married an Irish girl, Mary Thompson, and as newlyweds, they moved to St. Louis where they put down their roots.

Aminda Wilkins' grandfather Mordecai was devout and bookish. He gave generously of himself and his money to build the church of St. Thomas of Aquin in St. Louis, and his name is under the cornerstone.

The Mordecai children were all well educated, and two of the girls, including Mrs. Wilkins' mother, Edith, became teachers.

On her father's side, Mrs. Wilkins is descended from a Frenchman, Michel Badeau, and the daughter of slave parents who had bought their freedom.

Her father, Charles Badeau, was the oldest in the family and he educated himself. He was a thorough-going man who bought a barber shop and sold barbers' supplies and was fully established before he proposed marriage to his high school sweetheart, the pretty school teacher, Edith Mordecai. He was forty-six years of age when his daughter, Aminda, was born; his wife was forty.

Mrs. Badeau wanted more than anything else to have her daughter follow her beloved profession of teaching, but the girl, a good student, who was graduated from high school at fifteen, had her own ideas.

WITH SHEPHERDS, COME

No other pausing do the Ages know
Before and after which all Time has surged;
No other land like this, serene and white,
Ruled by a Child Who all the kingdoms merged.

Blind trails they are to any other house,
Blind lights that shine from any other star;
The centuries make common camp tonight,
Kneeling to Him Whose heritage they are.

No other way to this deep ecstasy,
Out of all history no other light;
No road goes anywhere from Bethlehem,
And eyes are quick with Home this Christmas night.

SISTER MARY FAITH, O.S.B.

In New York's famous Hotel Theresa in Harlem, lives a seventy-five-year-old woman, Miss Alice Simms, oldest living friend of Aminda Wilkins.

"Aminda always knew what she wanted," Miss Simms said. "Even as a little girl, she was strong and quiet and confident—just like her mother. Her mother was my teacher."

"And Aminda always showed initiative. She knew what she wanted to do. She wanted to be a social service worker. Nothing else would do. And she persuaded everyone, finally, and off she went to Chicago."

On money she had earned herself, Aminda Wilkins entered the University of Chicago and the Recreational Training School in the famous Hull House. There she was one of sixty specially picked students who came under the tutelage and inspiration of the world-renowned and beloved Jane Addams, the mother of enlightened social service work in this country.

She worked in Chicago's South Side, a young, ardent girl, determined even then to do her best in whatever she undertook. When she finished her training, she returned home to St. Louis briefly, but her most interesting work was in Kansas City.

"One of my really satisfying experiences there was with the Urban League when we set up a neighborhood program," she said. "We worked with Southern migrants, helping them adjust to the urban community. We did all kinds of things. We taught them how to utilize whatever materials they had at hand to improve the looks and condi-

tion of their homes and themselves. We encouraged everybody to plant gardens so they'd have good fresh vegetables and flowers. With a model house we showed them how they could live comfortably and attractively on certain fixed budgets. They were all good people," she said simply, her expression affectionate; "they had self-respect."

While Aminda was busy with her social service work in Kansas City, Roy Wilkins was managing editor of *The Call*, a Negro weekly. He had joined the newspaper in 1923 and boosted the circulation from 2,500 to 40,000 by 1931. Then he left in a blaze of glory to become Assistant Executive Secretary of the NAACP. He saw a good deal of the beautiful Miss Aminda Badeau. They were engaged before he left for New York and married soon after she arrived there in 1933 and went to work in the Department of Welfare.

Aminda Wilkins is a modest woman, but a confident one.

"I like to organize things—that's what we do here," she said, after some thought about her specific duties. "Yes, just organizing things. That's my best talent."

The "best talent" is of inestimable value to Commissioner McCarthy in his efficient direction of New York's vitally important Department of Welfare. To quote the Commissioner again, since praise from the boss is what counts "Mrs. Wilkins is an outstanding person. Long before I came here on this job she had won the respect and admiration of the people she'd worked with for more than twenty years. I'm proud of her. I'm proud I picked her."

by Aloysius McDonough, C.P.

THE SIGN POST

Eucharistic Fast

Please straighten me out on the new fast laws, in connection with alcoholic beverages especially.—T. McQ., PITTSBURGH, PA.

Judging by your letter, you confuse the up-to-date legislation with the previous rules. Try to forget the latter entirely and memorize what is up to date. Water breaks the fast at no time—not even a moment before the reception of Holy Communion. Whether in liquid or solid form, medicines do not break the fast. With the exception of an alcoholic beverage, liquid nourishment may be taken up until one hour prior to the time of Holy Communion. Solid food and alcoholic beverages may be taken until three hours before Communion time. The above rules hold regardless of the time of the Mass or of the reception of the Sacrament. There is no longer any distinction between the use of beer or wine and stronger alcoholic beverages. It goes without saying that, when planning to receive the Holy Eucharist, one should not only observe the three-hour limit, but also be prudent as to the quantity and quality of the alcoholic beverage consumed. Of itself, the three-hour limit does not guarantee sobriety.

Complaint

The complaint has been aired that when Negroes move into white parishes with large debts, the parishes deteriorate because the Negroes do not contribute. Am confused. Should we baptize and otherwise minister only to those who will be financially helpful?—P. McK., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The complaint is based upon an economic fact which does not apply to all Negroes and which does apply to some whites. Even in the northern sectors of our country, the Negroes need still more integration into circles of opportunity, such as the development of vocational skills and a spirit of enterprise. From airing the above complaint and bemoaning the economic factors involved, it does not follow logically at all that unfortunate Negroes are the less entitled to parochial ministrations, any more than financially unfortunate whites. And we doubt very much that the one who aired the complaint intended to justify any such neglect.

Catholic

In a world almanac, I came across a list of about eight religious denominations, all of which have strongholds in the U.S.A. and claim the title "Catholic." Are they united with Rome?—J. H., HOUSTON, TEXAS.

By a sort of plagiarism, other denominations have presumed to style themselves as Catholic, a title which originally and rightfully belongs solely to the one, true Church. Hence, in order to identify ourselves clearly, we are often constrained to specify our own Church as Roman Catholic—in reference to the See of St. Peter as the center of unity. Other self-styled Catholic churches are not in union with Rome and, as you

must have noticed from the almanac listing, are as small numerically as smitethrees. Similarly, the Oriental churches which are not in communion with Rome have presumed to characterize themselves as the "Orthodox Church." "Orthodox" means "sound or correct in doctrine." The Oriental churches in union with Rome are often referred to as "Uniates." They are thoroughly Catholic Churches of the Oriental Rite—loyal to Rome and as Catholic as we of the Latin or Western Rite.

Restitution

I have cheated or stolen to the extent of \$500. Desperately, I want to make restitution. Is it possible to do so?—T. T., TUCSON, ARIZ.

Restitution is an act of justice whereby you counterbalance your injustice. It exemplifies the sincerity of your contrition for dishonesty in the past and of your purpose of amendment for the future. If, after so long a time, it is impossible for you to recall how much you owe to whom, restitution can be made by a donation to the poor or to some other worthy cause. Even though the elderly, poverty-stricken couple you have in mind are your relatives, your donation will be, none the less, an act of justice and charity. As a matter of fact, right order suggests that we give a priority to the temporal and spiritual wants of those related to us.

Tithes

I have been tithing to the Church, but of late I have been besieged by so many appeals for this and that that I am in a quandary as to how to allocate it.—J. M., VISTA, CALIF.

A donation known as a tithe or tithes dates back to Old Testament times and represents a tenth part of garden produce or of a herd or its equivalent in money, prescribed for the support of the Temple and priests. By custom and local law, it was obligatory also in the Middle Ages, especially in the East. Not so, today, except in a few places. Hence, in behalf of religious causes, you are free to expend more than a tenth of your income, or less, according to your circumstances. Since first things should come first, you should give a priority to the support of your parish and diocese. Any other contribution is not obligatory, but gratuitous, and should not be an occasion for worry.

Religious Life

Will religious orders accept as candidates women who are past the age of thirty? Is it possible for an applicant to choose what type of work she will do?—A.M., WESTERNPORT, Md.

Most religious communities are reluctant to accept a candidate beyond the age of twenty-five. This conservatism is not based upon any lessening of life expectancy, compared with that of a younger applicant, but rather upon the difficulty of people beyond a certain age bracket in adjusting themselves to a new and restricted way of life. The older a person, the less pliancy in the formation of new habits. However, both cloistered and noncloistered communities are disposed

to consider favorably any justifiable exceptions to the general rule. So-called late vocations can be very successful. The type of work to which a religious is likely to be assigned depends upon the activities in which the community specializes and the capabilities of the individual. Beyond that, there is no indication as to future assignments, either permanent or temporary. Nor should the religious expect to decide for herself what she will or will not contribute to the work of the community. In a community, the too rugged individualist is a misfit.

Misquotation

A Catholic nurse claims she was taught by a priest lecturer that a Catholic can obtain absolution from the sin of murder only once.—R.S., CEDARHURST, N. Y.

This seems to be an obvious case of misunderstanding and misquotation. There is no such restriction, in either divine or ecclesiastical law, in the case of abortion or any other kind of murder.

Clarification

In the October issue of "Sign Post," it is stated that in some countries Catholic priests are allowed to marry. The statement has triggered a debate—some claim that any and every Catholic priest must be unmarried; others claim to know priests who are legitimately married.—D. T., HARTFORD, CONN.



Homer nodded! We hasten to clarify an ambiguous statement. Among the Oriental Rites—both Orthodox and Catholic—legitimately married priests are not at all unusual. On the one hand, married men may become priests; on the other hand, one who is already a priest or even a deacon may not marry. Any correct reference to a legitimately married clergy should be understood as stated in the preceding sentence. In the United States, since 1928, married men are no longer ordained to the priesthood in the Oriental Rites. Among all the Eastern Rites, married men may not become bishops. It pertains to the disciplinary power of the Church to rule on all such procedures, whether liberal or restrictive.

Vocations

- Am a widow, in good health, and an elementary school teacher. Would any religious community accept me?—K. M., CLEVELAND, O.*
- In addition to The Grail, is there any other organization for women who wish to devote their lives to missionary work?—A. L., HAMILTON, ONT., CANADA.*

a) The fact that one is a widow is not necessarily a barrier to acceptance by a religious order. Even some of the foundresses of religious orders were widows. As for requirements, it is essential that an applicant be adapted to the community life of this or that particular order and capable of contributing to the purpose of the community. In your diocese alone, there are about thirty different religious communities of women. We receive very many inquiries along this line, but it is best that you seek the advice of your regular confessor, who knows you thoroughly. From your letter, we are inclined to think that your prospects for acceptance are good.

b) We can recommend also the International Catholic

Auxiliaries, approved by many bishops and by Pope Pius XII. This organization consists of well-trained groups of laywomen, who pledge themselves for life to apostolic work in mission countries. For further information, apply to 1734 Asbury, Evanston, Ill., or to 5643 Phillips Ave., Montreal, P. Q., Canada.

Respectful Attire

Maybe I'm old-fashioned and behind the times, but can nothing be done to re-establish the vogue of respectable and respectful attire, when we women attend church?—M. J., MIAMI, FLA.

According to Church Law, women should assist at church services "in modest dress and with heads covered, especially when they approach the Table of the Lord." (Canon 126) In 1930, the Holy See issued a special admonition as to decency in women's dress. Pastors and all preachers, parents and teachers are commanded to insist upon modesty of dress. Those who fail to conform are to be denied Holy Communion and barred from serving as sponsors at Baptism and Confirmation. For Catholics who believe in the Real Presence and who realize their faith, rules and admonitions should be unnecessary. Decency of attire should be instinctive.

"Twelfth Promise"

According to the last of the Twelve Promises of the Sacred Heart, as revealed to St. Margaret Mary, faithful clients will not be permitted to die without the sacraments. How about the many clergy and laity who die instantly?—S. B., FORT WAYNE, IND.

Because of the interval of time between apparent death and actual death, many of those who die with comparative suddenness receive the last rites conditionally. Among those who are not graced by this providential benefit, the dispositions of many—we can reasonably assume—are such that their salvation does not depend upon a last-minute application of the sacraments. The essence of the Twelfth Promise is that we die in the state of grace. Anyone whose devotion to the Sacred Heart has been sincere and consistent can rely upon divine fidelity.

Local Customs

The family of a deceased are puzzled as to why the priest did not accompany the funeral to the cemetery. The parish priest said that, inasmuch as the cemetery is already blessed, it is not necessary. Do customs vary from State to State?—K. K., UNIONTOWN, PA.

Regulations and customs vary from diocese to diocese. In the above connection, there is no universal procedure; it may vary even from parish to parish. Although desirable, it is not necessary that the priest attend if the cemetery has been already blessed or consecrated. The body of the deceased is blessed during the rites which immediately follow the funeral Mass.

Arithmetic Problem

As to our first child, conceived out of wedlock, how can we avoid hurting parents? And the child, when he is old enough to reckon the dates?—C. C., AKRON, OHIO.

The most important point to emphasize is that your child was born legitimate. "Children who are conceived or born

of a valid marriage are legitimate." (Canon 1114). None the less, your problem is delicate. However, premature babies are not at all unusual. As to whether an explicit reference to your firstborn as "premature" would be a mental reservation or a lie—an umpire would be needed for that debate. A very reliable dictionary defines "premature" as meaning "coming into existence or occurring too soon." Keep your marriage certificate out of sight, observe your wedding anniversary a month or so earlier than the actual date, and it is unlikely that your son will become embarrassingly inquisitive.

Means vs. End

The non-Catholic physician for whom I work wants to know why, if we believe in the beatific vision hereafter, we do not end our lives sooner, and why we do not take the life of a son or daughter before the child is spoiled by the misuse of reason. He does believe that after death, we attain "graduated planes," depending upon earthly merit or demerit.—T. C., CLEVELAND, OHIO.

As we have had occasion to observe in a previous "Sign Post" (Oct., p. 53), specialists in some fields would not rate a passing mark in religion. The end or purpose of attaining the beatific vision, generally referred to as heaven, is the best possible objective we can strive for. But it is a contradiction, an impossibility in this case, to strive for a good end by resort to criminal means. Suicide and murder are the gravest of sins against the Fifth Commandment, whereby we would incur the sanction of hell, the essence of which is the deprivation of the beatific vision. Even the general idea of "graduated planes" depending upon merit and demerit would eliminate suicide or murder as a logical means of gaining merit.

Priest's Ring

During the distribution of Holy Communion, I observed a gold ring on the priest's finger. Isn't that unusual? Is it out of order?—R. W., WICHITA, KAN.

It is unusual, but not out of order in the case of priests and brothers who are members of the religious community entitled the Congregation of St. Viator, known popularly as the Viatorians. The signet of the ring features the monogram IHS, surmounted by a cross. The ring is a symbol of the bond of union between the one who wears it and his community, the Church, and Christ, and betokens his perpetual vows as a religious. By papal concession, priests of the community are permitted to wear the ring even while celebrating Mass. The Viatorians were solemnly approved in 1838 by Pope Gregory XVI.

Red Light

A Catholic friend has challenged me to write for your opinion. For four years, seven nights a week, he keeps company with a non-Catholic divorcee. He claims that since they are "just friends," it is all right.—E. D., PITTSBURGH, PA.

It is all wrong. Presumably, the Church recognizes the validity of the divorcee's marriage. If not, she and your friend would have been married about four years ago. Daily companionship between a couple who are not free to marry is a scandal to each of them and to others. The danger is heightened by the fact that most non-Catholics have a different set of morals than a representative Catholic. For the obvious reason that human nature is so highly inflammable, your

friend is living habitually in an occasion of grave sin. It should occur even to him that by centering his hopes exclusively upon one who is morally unavailable, he is wasting his time and depriving himself of morally marriageable prospects. It is now your turn to challenge him.

Futile

Some maintain that if a person loses the Faith and leaves the Church, it is useless to pray for him, that we may as well give him up as hopeless. Is that a sound attitude?—A. A., VALPARAISO, IND.



Young people lapse from the Church and the Faith because parents and teachers fail to impress upon them a proper sense of values. However, it does not follow that one who has lapsed as a practicing Catholic has repudiated his Faith. But in any case it would be un-Christian-like to take it upon ourselves to abandon a stray sheep. Emergency circumstances call for redoubled prayerful appeal to the Good Shepherd. "What think you? If a man hath a hundred sheep and one of them should go astray: doth he not leave the ninety-nine in the mountains and goeth to seek that which has gone astray? And if it so be that he find it, amen I say to you, he rejoiceth more for that than for the ninety-nine that went not astray." (Matt. 18:12, 13)

Bracelet Medals

Is it wrong to wear miniature religious medals with my bracelet? Some think it is too much like an ordinary charm bracelet.—S. L., DUMONT, N. J.

People who depend superstitiously upon charms wear them as bracelets, as a necklace, and in other ways. The difference between a mere charm and a religious article is not the setting, but the spirit in which it is used. While your plan appeals to you and perhaps to others, some might consider it somewhat bizarre—especially if the medals be of different sizes and colors. But if there is no unseemliness entailed, it would not be contrary to the mind of the Church.

Stigmatists

For years I have heard of a woman in Europe who has wounds like those of our Blessed Lord and who suffers as He did. How can I get literature on the subject?—T. P., TEXAS CITY, TEXAS.

Such a person is known as a stigmatist or stigmatic. The following literature can be ordered through THE SIGN. A pamphlet biography of St. Gemma, who was canonized a few years ago; the account of the woman you refer to, who now lives in Germany, *The Story of Therese Neumann*, by Schimberg; the account of the Capuchin priest who now lives in Italy, *Padre Pio*, by Carty.

Etiquette

I notice that when passing a church, some people make the Sign of the Cross in full, others trace the sign on the forehead. What is correct?—L. L., GLENS FALLS, N. Y.

In acknowledging the Real Presence as we pass a church, there is no hard and fast rule of etiquette. Generally, a man doffs his hat. Procedure varies with locality and individual. On the one hand, we are not obliged to any such gesture; on the other hand, we should not omit it in a spirit of embarrassment or weak-kneed fear of professing our faith.

BOOK REVIEWS

PROPHECY FULFILLED

By Rene Aigrain and Omer Englebert.
McKay. 274 pages. \$3.95

"To be ignorant of the Scriptures," wrote St. Jerome, "is to be ignorant of Christ." The converse is also true: to be ignorant of Christ is not to know the Scriptures. The present book, whose subtitle is *The Old Testament Realized in the New*, is a wonderful aid toward finding Christ in the Scriptures and the Scriptures in Christ.

It is unfortunate that many readers confine their Bible reading to the New Testament. This is partly understandable because of the grandeur of Christ, the Light of the World. Christ is not only our Lawgiver; He is our life. Besides, the civil code and liturgical laws of the Old Testament have been abrogated in the New Law.

However, the Old Testament has great validity in its own right. It too is the Word of God. It is rich in records so vital to understanding the religious history of mankind. It is luminous with details of encounters between the mighty men of Israel and God. It sketches the progress of divine revelation which culminated in Christ. It radiates sublime doctrines concerning the nature of God, the providence of God, the meaning of man. It shows how deeply rooted in history is the true religion of mankind. "For Moses more than Abraham, the prophets more than Moses, and the Apostles more than the prophets, received instruction in the knowledge of the almighty God," remarked St. Gregory.

The opening chapters review what Our Lord and the New Testament writers taught us concerning the Old Testament. The history of the Chosen People is briefly but satisfactorily reviewed from Abraham to Christ. The prophets are usually sketched against their historical background, and their converging testimony to the Messias is gradually built up. The Coming of Christ, thus seen in perspective, becomes more moving, more understandable, more glorious. It is the rosebush bursting into full flower.

Concluding chapters on the fullness of revelation, the emergence of the Jewish community into the Universal Church through the unique work of Christ, the abrogation of civil and liturgical laws, the development of the New Community under a new covenant,

will all lead the reader to conclude with the authors, "The closest link unites the New Testament with the Old . . ."

The late Canon Aigrain was editor of the encyclopedic volumes *Liturgia* and *Ecclesia*. The distinguished French writer Abbé Englebert has many excellent books to his credit. Lancelot Shephard, supervising the current translations of *The Twentieth Century Encyclopedia of Catholicism* is the translator. A beautifully written synoptic preface by Father John Oesterreicher rounds out the book. For general readers and teachers who want a popular, but first-rate, understanding of the Old Testament in relation to the New, here is an admirable aid clearly and succinctly written. An index and chronological table have been added.

GERARD ROONEY, C.P.

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LIFE OF CHRIST

By Fulton J. Sheen.
McGraw-Hill.

559 pages.
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Bishop Sheen

"The all-gracious Mystery of the Incarnation, good to look into, good to adore," is Newman's description of the Christmas wonder. Looking into and adoring this mystery in its special season is Bishop Sheen's newest book. For many readers much of this publication will already be familiar from radio, television, or earlier books.

Life of Christ is not so much a historical biography as a series of apologetical meditations, the seeming fruit of Sheen's own contemplation of Gospel incidents. As such, it permits the author considerable freedom of expression. He can be (and is) picturesque and poetic. His analogies and insights are often brilliant. Among the brilliant passages are the paragraph on the reasons for using bread and wine in the Eucharist (p. 326), the analogy of Christ as the Prodigal Son (p. 459), the Beatitudes.

However, some statements hint that the Bishop—or his proofreader—was nodding. Scripture students will be startled to see that the Apostle, not the Deacon, Philip, converted the Ethiopian eunuch (p. 68); that Herod was married to Aretas himself and not to Aretas' daughter (p. 138); and that James has replaced Peter at the tomb with John on Easter morning (p. 485).

Despite such shortcomings, the book provides the reader with scattered quotable nuggets of pure gold. Some will shine in a Christian's memory all his life. At Calvary, "It was the thief's last prayer, perhaps even his first. He knocked once, sought once, dared everything, and found everything." And at Christmas, "there was no room for Him who came to be the Inn of every homeless heart in the world."

Bishop Sheen, like St. Augustine, is a writer on the run. Heavy duties deprive him of the leisure to ponder carefully all that he puts on paper. Composing forty-seven books in some thirty years has allowed him (like Augustine) to fall into some exaggerations, repetitions, and mistakes. Such faults do not spoil the general excellence of his work, but they do dim its luster.

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Though the fusion of fact and fancy can effect a *felt* form, deWohl's narrative often neglects the affective appeal which a consideration of Francis' spirituality can evoke. The plot is sometimes diffuse and characterization incomplete; tone and texture suffer, too, when the diction descends to the vernacular. There are better biographies of Francis extant and mature sensibility may find them more serviceable. It is because his lyrical love finally soars beyond the scope of any art that fiction about Francis will always subserve fact. Meanwhile, readers who found *The Quiet Light* absorbing will discover that *The Joyful Beggar* provides another harmony of history and hagiography that is a pleasant proem to more searching studies of the saint.

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Trust in God along with the scientific method dominated the life of Louis Pasteur. His strict fidelity to scientific laboratory techniques was thoroughly modern. His intense concern for human suffering, which he was sure was caused by those "invisible giants" detected on his microscope slide, characterized his noble life.

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MARGARET BUDENZ.

THE AMERICANS

By Daniel J. Boorstin.

434 pages.

Random House.

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Like Topsy, America just grew. Here "a new civilization was being born, less out of plans and purpose than out of the unsettlement which the New World brought to the ways of the Old." Puritans, Quakers, Georgia's paternalistic philanthropists, aristocratic Virginians, all discovered their original ideals unsuited for life in an uncharted wilderness. In a watered-down state, each of the colonial ideals had its influence upon modern America.

In their colonial sanctuary the Puritans based their living and their laws upon the Bible. This "fixed the temper of their society, and foreshadowed American political life for centuries to come." Their moral problems settled, they could turn their attention to the division of power between central and local government, later mirrored in our federal organization. The predecessor of what we refer to nowadays as "the American way" was "the New England way" of the Puritan.

From the Quakers of Pennsylvania we culled the spirit of equality, informality, and toleration. Much of the credit for the last, however, could well be laid at the doorstep of the Maryland Catholics. But no such credit is given here.

As a history of Protestant influence on American life, *The Americans* is an outstanding book. It is unfortunate that this otherwise fine book completely ignores the Catholic contribution to our American way of life. When we are mentioned, it is as though we were a bee alighting momentarily on a blossom and then flitting away to be forgotten when the flower is in full bloom. Ignored is the bee's part in the flower's pollination. Even when the Catholic bee does hover into the reader's sight, it is more as a potential stinger than as a pollinator.

DEAN CORCORAN, O.F.M., CAP.

FROM KARL MARX TO JESUS CHRIST

By Ignace Lepp. 212 pages. Sheed & Ward. \$3.75

The biography of a Catholic priest who was once a militant Communist is bound to be an absorbing story. Father Ignace Lepp has such a tale to tell of his own life.

The author has written twenty-five books, has read widely from his youth, and has always attached himself to ideals. During his Red decade, he was a typical, devoted comrade looking for the earthly paradise. Though never an important Red leader, his career did take him to Soviet Russia. His disillusionment with Marxism-Leninism came with the realization that the Stalin regime did not embody his idea of "the brotherhood of man."

After he tore up his party card, Father Lepp lived in a vacuum. He had nothing to live for and ceased to read on any subject.

Finally, by a roundabout road, partly as the result of accidentally reading a novel, he began to study the Gospels. He subsequently investigated numerous Protestant sects before he met a Jesuit priest who could answer his questions about religion and the Church. Indeed, he had made up his mind to become a Jesuit—which never materialized—before he had taken instructions in the Catholic Faith. Actually, he has never lived a rank-and-file Catholic life. His first act as a Catholic was to visit monasteries, comparing their social structures and customs with what he understood to be the life of early Christians.

Father Lepp is at present editor of *The Catholic Journal* and Director of the Institut de Psychosynthèse in Paris.

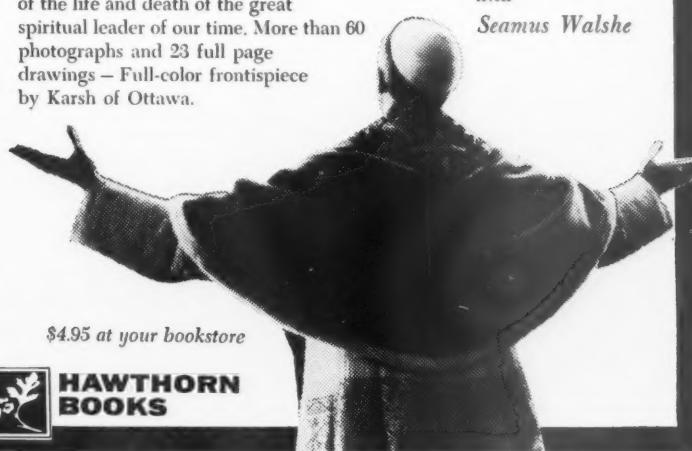
It is somewhat disturbing to read a few sentences in the last chapter, written in the words of others. One of these speaks of "the wonderful story of the Sillon movement" without warning the reader that this movement was condemned by Pope Pius X. He also writes, without criticism, of a religious community which "spoke out in favor of the French popular front," although

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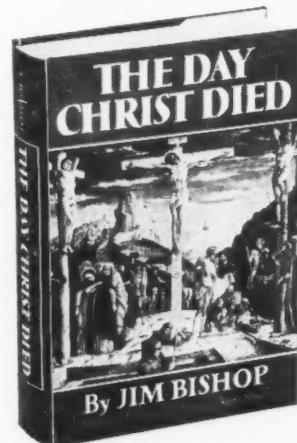
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that was part of a world tactic devised by the Seventh Congress of the Communist International in 1935, bringing about the disaster which led to the capture of the French and Italian trade unions by the Reds.

For the close reader, a few similar attitudes will occasionally cause wonderment.

Despite these brief defects, the work concludes with an expression of thanksgiving for the grace which was given the author to become a priest of God.

MARGARET BUDENZ.

VICTORINE

By Frances Parkinson Keyes. 380 pages.
Messner. \$1.50

Mrs. Keyes is past mistress of story-telling, of description, and of credible if somewhat redundant dialogue, but the present novel is not likely to be ranked among her best or most representative. Once again we hear about the rice country of Louisiana and the blue camellia, while an intricate plot is built up see-sawing between the romantic complications of some admirable Jews and some not-too-admirable Catholics and the police investigation into a murder case. Probably because the people involved seldom seem real enough to rouse our emotion, the stress is thrown upon sensational and often unsavory details. In brief we have melodrama instead of drama. During summer months such a book might pass muster along with the usual parade of "escape" fiction. With a more critical winter audience, it can but rouse a wish that so capable an author would concentrate upon the quality rather than the quantity of her work.

FRANCES KEYES

KATHERINE BRÉGY.

THE SECRET NAME

By Lin Yutang. 268 pages.
Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. \$3.95

The Secret Name takes its title from the poet, Heinrich Heine, who called Communism "the secret name of the dread antagonist." The stated purpose of this book by Lin Yutang is to demonstrate how the real nature of Communism is kept a secret from the deluded peoples of the East and the complacent peoples of the West.

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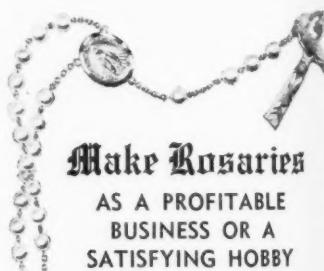
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Communist books that come off the press each month, we must refresh our reading palate with reflection on what it is all about. We have witnessed Communism in all its phases: hot war, cold war; friendly, unfriendly; placating, hostile. In spite of these apparent changes in tactics, the Red regime moves steadily toward world control, while the innocent non-Communist is lost in the underbrush of words.

The style of Dr. Lin is simple, almost gentle. He writes with a humor edged with irony of the Soviet dictatorship and its forty-year record. He shows that the inability of the free world to handle Soviet Russia is based on its lack of understanding of Communist ambitions. Dr. Lin builds up evidence smoothly and correctly, concluding that "Communist propaganda has always fulfilled a line carefully thought out and mapped out by the Comintern, decades past."

Whatever individual differences those opposing Communism may have, they will agree that this "line" is the secret formula with which Soviet Russia wins, despite its weaknesses and barbarities.

What is most amazing about this "double-think," as Dr. Lin calls it, or double talk, is that it enables the Reds to plot publicly, yet to do it in such a way that they are actually talking behind our backs. Few men have understood this and that is what makes Dr. Lin's book valuable.

MARGARET BUDENZ.

STARMAN

By J. A. McWilliams, S.J. 143 pages. \$7.00

Writing a first novel at the age of seventy-six is challenge enough, but for an erudite professor of philosophy simultaneously to invade the field of science fiction is little short of incredible. He said at once that Father McWilliams has attained a substantial success in both spheres. His story is really in a class by itself as *adult* science fiction, a far cry indeed from the type of thing we have come to recognize as neither science nor fiction.

The story deals with a traveler from a distant star who arrives on earth at a crucial time in our international situation. He looks like an earthling, but he is in reality the philosopher's "natural man"—a man with no fallen nature and not intended for supernatural beatitude. How such a man would look upon the social and material problems he would encounter on earth today forms the core of the novel and represents the point of departure from the usual Spaceman story. The focus here is not the physical characteristics or scientific gadgetry of the visitor from space, but rather his differing mentality and viewpoint. From the concept of Starman as



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SHORT NOTICES

LITERARY DISTRACTIONS. By Ronald Knox. 232 pages. Sheed & Ward. \$3.50. While the right hand of Monsignor Knox wrote with distinction of matters spiritual, his left hand was as facile in literary criticisms of balanced, good-humored judgment. A man of broad and enthusiastic reading in English letters, here are his opinions, expressed with graceful wit, of Dr. Johnson and Richard Crashaw, of Robert Louis Stevenson and of G. K. Chesterton and Hilaire Belloc. Most interesting, because of his translations of the Bible and the autobiography of Saint Thérèse of Lisieux, are his animadversions upon translations in general. And there is a delightful piece on the Anglican divine who journeyed to Rome to convert the Pope and wrote a book about it. Here is Ronald Knox in the fullness of his scholarship and the richness of wit in which he so ably expressed it.

TEMPORAL AND ETERNAL. By Charles Péguy. 159 pages. Harper. \$3.50. Charles Péguy (1873-1914) was an explosive thinker who wrestled with the social problems of his particular time and place. Now, forty-four years after his death, his influence has grown to monumental proportions and is still expanding. This becomes the more puzzling since Péguy's French prose is clumsy, untidy, and often abstruse.

The current slender volume (edited and translated by Alexander Dru) helps to erase the puzzlement and explain the paradox. Péguy was intensely involved with France as he knew it, but his genius transcended his concern, just as his spirituality transcended his errors and brought him back into the Catholic fold. Here Péguy's own words reveal the spiritual depth and unshakable integrity that made him a prophet, casting shimmering new lights upon timeless truths. For the patient reader, this book offers extraordinary spiritual as well as intellectual rewards.

JOURNEY TO CHRISTMAS. By B. J. Chute. 46 pages. Dutton. \$1.50. This is a pleasant little story, written in a mood that may remind some of Dickens' *A Christmas Carol*. Not particularly concerned with the wonderful mystery of the Incarnation, yet it breathes forth a spirit of human generosity so often associated with Christmas. A woman in need begs a favor of a man burdened with his own troubles. After refusing a lift to the woman, he reluctantly changes his mind and does a good deed. The good deed sets off a chain reaction of other good deeds by other burdened people who were being entreated by other needy people. Some lovely etchings and a hard cover make the book more suitable for a gift.

BOB CONSIDINE'S CHRISTMAS STOCKING. 94 pages. Hawthorn. \$2.95. Bob Considine, possessor of one of the biggest names in American journalism today, knows how to spin a tale, and when he applies his talents to the Christmas theme the result is interesting reading—with a dash of poignancy.

But the reader who's looking for a treat better be wary. With effrontery and obviously no embarrassment, the publisher has put together a few of Considine's newspaper columns and resorted to ridiculous padding in the makeup of the book to camouflage the fact that the buyer is getting very little for his money.

Considine has let down his followers who expect more of the man who turned out *Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo* and *The Babe Ruth Story*.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN ACTION. By Michael Williams. Revised by Zsolt Aradi. 350 pages. Kenedy. \$5.75. Twenty years ago Michael Williams wrote his monumental work *The Catholic Church in Action* to provide a handy reference volume for Catholics and non-Catholics. He explained the external structure of the Church and the functions of its various agencies both in Rome and throughout the world. Included was a description of papacy and the work of recent Popes.

A second section of the book described the Church as it exists in the world—its hierarchy, missions, religious orders, liturgy, and doctrine. As a reference work it was complete and reliable. This volume has now been republished after being brought up to date by Zsolt Aradi. The life of Pope Pius XI has been completed and the life of the recently deceased Pope Pius XII extended to 1957. The work of the Church during World War II has been described, and its struggle with Communism detailed. A bibliography is added to complete the work. A handy reference volume for those who need information about the Church.

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Children's Books for Christmas

by MARY LOUISE HECTOR

Children should have books at Christmas, books selected, sealed, and delivered to the foot of the tree with seasonal "specialness." The classics will be taken care of; grandparents and other cautious relatives will bring them—*Kidnapped*, *Little Women*, Andersen's *Fairy Tales*—because it is traditionally right for children to associate with these books. But there is still the matter of brand-new books, and a confusing matter it is for parents and other brave souls who dare to deal with it. There are over one thousand new children's books published each year in the United States, and from the far side of the front cover, they all look good. After a sifting of the thousand, here is a sample of books as good as they look—top reading for children, Christmas, 1958.

A Catholic Child's Book About God, by Jane Werner Watson, resembles the best of those most popular of pre-school books, the "little" books. Its charming illustrations of wide-eyed small children and their world are instantly familiar. And so, too, is its text, but in a startling way. Here is a presentation of three mighty truths about God carefully simplified for the child's mind. God is great. God is good. God is love—these absolutes are suggested by familiar experiences, in a book that is capable of giving something new to a youngster through many readings.

A Dutch artist named Piet Worm began some years ago to illustrate Old Testament stories for his own two children. The honest young criticized their father's every brush stroke until the pictures pleased them in all details. The results of their editing may be seen in two generously illustrated books, *Stories From the Old Testament* and *More Stories From the Old Testament*. The first book proceeds from Adam to Joseph; the second, from Joseph to the Prophets. The hand-lettered pages of the two books are heavy with gold: "From the beginning," says the artist, "I understood the necessity to use gold, because the language is gold." A school-age child will be delighted to recognize some of the characters from his Bible History, but in a vivid new dress and animation.

Patron saints are receiving so much intelligent attention these days. Seventy-three saints form a noble and friendly company in the beautiful German book written by Joseph Quadflieg and trans-



lated by Margaret Goldsmith, *The Saints and Your Name*. There is a short, simple biography of each of the seventy-three; there are illustrations on nearly every page of the book, half of them in lively clear color. It will be hard for a child to leave *The Saints and Your Name* until he has heard about the saints of all of his friends and relations.

At this writing, there are two books ready in a new series called "Patron Saint Books": *Mary*, by Sister Mary Jean Dorcy, O.P.; and *Joseph*, by Wilfrid Sheed. The story of the Virgin's life is handily available in the first book. The second book is a stunning surprise, probably because good St. Joseph was a man of simple deeds and few words; and energetic saints who fought dragons, crossed heathen oceans, and drove away serpents are always crowding in for our willing attention.

For many a reader, a new St. Joseph will emerge from this book: a saint of heroic obedience, rare sanctity, and consuming faith.

Irish legends furnished the material for two books which are fine reading and wonderful fun: *Twenty Tales of Irish Saints* and *More Tales of Irish Saints*, both by Alice Curtayne. The tales are not biographies, furnishing great and important detail. Plucked from the folk inheritance of the quick and witty Irish, they are small episodes remarkably well-written and entertaining, each one having a neat point.

Terrible Farmer Timson, by Caryll Houselander, is for special children—the best readers and/or listeners—and is one of the hardest of books to describe. First of all, its late author was an emi-

nent spiritual writer. Second, she was capable of reducing her insights to child-size. Third, she was an inspired storyteller. Put them all together, and they produce a collection of short stories constantly interesting and dramatically and painlessly instructive. There is an earlier collection, equally as good, *Inside the Ark*.

A long and thrilling adventure story for older readers is *The Great Cross*, by Thomas Holland. An aristocratic eighteenth-century Spanish lady sets out on a perilous mission of faith, to restore to its proper place a magnificent golden Crucifix stolen and defamed by her sacrilegious brother. She must sail, with two of her grandchildren for the special assistance they can give, to Central America and pit her courage against the dark powers of evil. *The Great Cross* is a traditionally rich English sea adventure, which would have no meaning (or even excitement) were it not for the power of Faith. It is one of the very few pieces of top-flight juvenile fiction in which Catholicism is of the essence.

Mount Mary College in Milwaukee has a creative-writing class whose members have produced publishable novels many ranges above average teen-age fiction. A thoroughly Catholic modern romance, captivating in its freshness and strength, is Celine Meller's *The April Time*. Young historical novelist Beverly Butler offers the professionally polished *Son of the Voyageur* and a new title *The Lion and the Otter*. All three of these Mount Mary books will please any discriminating young-lady reader and will inspire and fortify teen-agers with a desire to write.

Book-length biographies of saints once the exclusive property of adult readers, are now being done especially for youngsters. From the age of ten, a Catholic child may read detailed stories

MARY LOUISE HECTOR, along with raising four youngsters, is the children's book editor for *The Critic* and a member of the New York Times book review staff.



of saints and holy people, the facts simplified for his understanding, the sanctity clarified for his admiring. The Little Flower, a worldwide favorite, is carefully characterized in *Therese Martin*, by Rosemary Haughton.

A saintly woman who as a pioneer educator played an important role in the history of North America is the subject of a new biography. *Mere Marie of New France*, by Mary Fabyan Windeatt, describes the dramatic days of the foundation of Quebec and the amazingly wide civic activities of an Ursuline nun. Mere Marie de l'Incarnation. Mere Marie had a vision of her vocation to New France long before an Ursuline mission there was any kind of a possibility. She built a school for the education of young Canadian girls, and she rebuilt it against great odds after a destructive fire. She was a courageous and capable leader, and to the inspiration in her story may be added the tense excitement of Indian warfare.

Agnes Repplier's classic *Mere Marie of the Ursulines* is a moving and urbane biographical essay intended for adults, but skillful teen-age readers, who have been introduced to its people and events, will have little difficulty with it. It is the type of book for which Catholic teachers devoutly hope school-age reading is preparing their charges.

Katharine Drexel, Friend of the Neglected, by Ellen Tarry, is a biography of another nun-educator. This one happened to be a millionaire heiress and was often called "the world's richest nun." Her family's Catholic awareness early inclined Katharine to the religious life, but she had great difficulty in discovering her particular vocation, for its specialty was something she had always felt without understanding. It was no less a person than Pope Leo XIII who indicated it to her.

The American Revolution is a popular subject with writers of teen-age books, but none of them deal with the one fact that vivifies the fictionized biography *Priest on Horseback*, by Eva K. Betz. In the years immediately before the Revolution, Catholics were a group so suspect in colonial America that their priests often had to move about stealthily and in disguise. *Priest on Horseback* describes a year in the life of one such priest, the Jesuit Father Farmer.

Pierre de Smet, S.J., was a famous missionary to the Indians of the American Far West in the mid-nineteenth century. His role as dedicated intermediary between the bungling government and the ill-used Indians is outlined in a fast-moving new biography, *Black Robe Peacemaker*, by J. G. E. Hopkins.

Willa, by Ruth Franchere, is the story of Willa Cather's growing-up, from the time her family moved to Nebraska when she was nine, until her high-school



graduation. It is a sensitive portrait of a gifted and somewhat difficult child. Her adventures and misadventures will catch young fancies and arouse curiosities as to the reasons for Willa's adult fame. The youngster who is fond of Willa will find in time, it is to be hoped, the way to Miss Cather's superb fiction, especially the Catholic-toned *Death Comes for the Archbishop* and *Shadows on the Rock*.

Children who loved (and still love) A. A. Milne's funny, fat, and most friendly nursery bear Pooh will be entranced by a bit of autobiography by the man who created the visual Pooh, illustrator E. H. Shepard. *Drawn From Memory* describes a single memorable year, 1887, of Shepard's London childhood. Shepard's writing is as full of invention and action as is his drawing. There is a wonderful amount of the latter in *Drawn From Memory*, including some early sketches that predict the mature talent with startling accuracy.

Pooh himself reappears with some splendor on the literary scene. For years, the Milne classics were available only in four separate, flimsy volumes. Now, the two books of stories—*Winnie the Pooh* and *The House at Pooh Corner*—are gathered together in one large, luxurious volume, *The World of Pooh*, with a few new Shepard illustrations; and the two books of poems—*When We Were Very Young* and *Now We Are Six*—in another, companion volume, *The World of Christopher Robin*. Both stories and verse sustain their highly individual charm through years of reading; and the two books are an investment, sentimental or practical, for any family with children.

Time of Wonder, by Robert McCloskey, is the latest winner of the Caldecott Medal, awarded to the most distinguished American picture-book of the year. It is an artistic portrait, in text and impressive illustrations, of summer on a Maine island, as freely and joyously experienced by two little girls. There is no story as such in the book, but rather a series of beautiful, evocative descriptions.

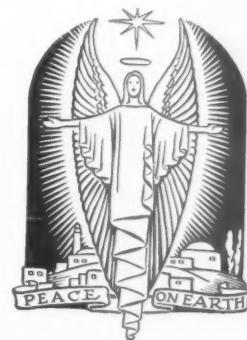
The Peaceable Kingdom, by Elizabeth

Coatsworth, is a book for the youngster who has not yet learned to dislike poetry. It is brief, containing only three poems: one deals with the animals' stirring journey to Noah's Ark; one reworks a medieval legend about the Flight into Egypt; and one describes the Peaceable Kingdom, "when the lion lies down with the lamb . . ." Lucky the adult who knows a child to share appreciatively these lovely, simple verses.

There will be leisure at Christmas for reading aloud, and an overwhelming inclination to do so, if the reading is Christmas-y. Nobel-prize novelist Pearl Buck has written a delicate tale about a small boy and a small mouse, *Christmas Miniature*. The child discovers the frightened mother mouse hiding in the creche under his tree. Read-alouders will like both the action and the feeling of this short book.

Little girls with new dolls (are there any other kinds of little girls at Christmas?) will understand and love the newest in Rumer Godden's series of doll stories, *The Story of Holly and Ivy*. Ivy is a runaway orphan in pathetic search for a nonexistent grandmother. Holly is a doll dressed in red and green and imprisoned in the toy shop after closing time on Christmas Eve. Seasonal magic brings the two together and even provides a grandmother, in a quiet story of Victorian charm and traditional sentiment.

What remains to be done after this sampling is selection—of a title, a wrapping-paper, and a child. Then will be completed the pleasant combination of good children and good books at Christmastime when, more than at any other time of the year, they deserve each other.



BOOKS REVIEWED

A Catholic Child's Book About God, by Jane Werner Watson. Illustrated by Eloise Wilkin. Simon & Schuster (Catechetical Guild Education Society.) \$1.25. Ages 4-8.
Stories from the Old Testament, by Piet Worm. Illustrated by the author. Sheed & Ward. \$3.00. All ages.
More Stories from the Old Testament, by Piet Worm. Illustrated by the author. Sheed & Ward. \$3.00. All ages.
The Saints and Your Name, by Joseph Quad-



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Joseph, by Wilfrid Sheed. Illustrated by Rafaello Busoni. Sheed & Ward. (Patron Saint Books). \$2.00. Ages 5-8.

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More Tales of Irish Saints, by Alice Curnayne. Illustrated by Brigid Rynne. Sheed & Ward. \$2.75. Ages 8-12.

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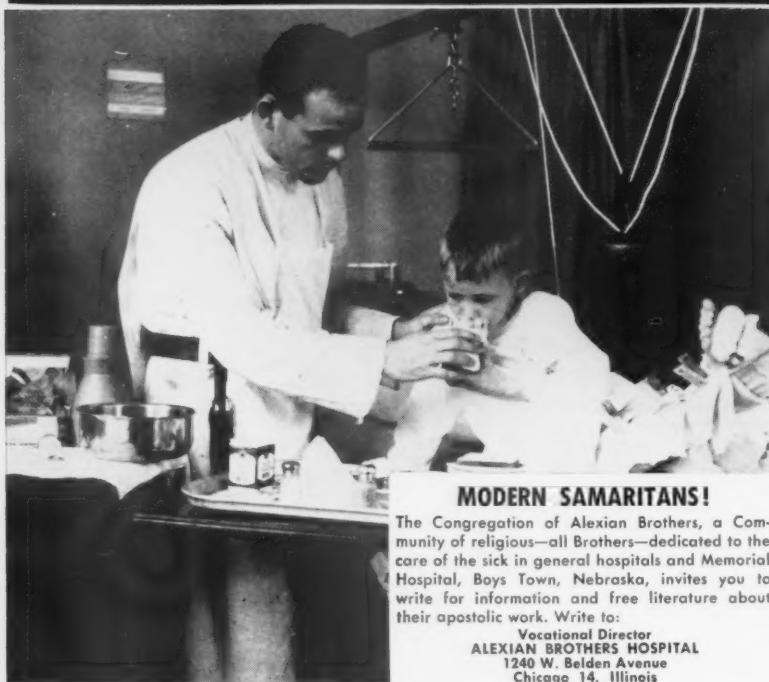
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If you live in any state east of Ohio.



RUSSIA: ADVANCED NATION?

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vakia and the "German Democratic Republic," with their old universities, cultural traditions, outstanding historical leaders, remarkable achievements in industry, and the highest standards of living for the lower strata of their populations, stand at the top. Poland and Hungary come next. Though behind the two first-class satellites, they likewise have had an honored place in the history of Europe, and they abhor the extremes of poverty and degradation existing in the East. Somewhere below Poland and Hungary come Rumania and Bulgaria; Albania, of course, occupies last place. It is this range of advanced nations inside the Soviet bloc which have produced and will in the future produce conflicts and crises within the "Socialist camp."

It would be wrong, however, to infer from these facts that the Soviet Union, because she does not belong among the ranks of the most advanced nations, could not represent a danger in case of a great conflict. We have considered it a kind of historical "law" that in wars, the advanced nations vanquish the less advanced ones, as in the conflict between the United States and Spain, between Italy and Abyssinia, between the Allies and Germany and Japan. And would not the Soviet Union surely have been defeated by Germany if help had not been forthcoming from the Western allies?

This theory is wrong. History remembers the onslaught of the "barbarian" nations on Europe and the successes of these backward nations in the West as well as in Russia which retarded progress for centuries: the Mongols, the Turks, the Tatars, Genghis Khan, Tamerlane. Russia remembers the "Tatar yoke" which destroyed her statehood and kept her in subjection for over two centuries. What the cavalry was to the hordes of Genghis Khan, the missile, the atom bomb, and military jets are today in the hands of a would-be conqueror, whatever his culture or social system. One of Stalin's Communist adversaries called him "Genghis Khan with a telephone."

Stalin's successors have adopted their old leader's tenets and followed his policies. They represent a formidable force, the mightiest single military force of our days. Their conviction that in a war they would be "invincible" is of course a myth. Their expectation that at the end of a third world war the forward march of Communism will complete its worldwide tour will prove to be a delusion—but only if we recognize in time how tremendous is the power of the Soviet Union and how excellent have been her preparations for the final encounter.